

# Catholic Digest

THE BEST FROM WHEREVER THE BEST IS FOUND

25¢



Model Girl In New York. See Page 96.

Volume 15

FEBRUARY, 1951

Number 4

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish articles which are in accord with Catholic principle. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.

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VOL. 15

## Catholic Digest



FEBRUARY, 1951


NO. 4

*The wages of ignorance is the death of a nation*

## Total Blunder

By MAX EASTMAN

Condensed from the *New American Mercury*\*

 EVERYBODY agrees that the present plight of the U.S. is bad, but nobody names the true cause. "Disloyalty in the State Department," "Stalin double-crossed us," "Roosevelt died," "Truman is small-town," "Acheson is stubborn," "The Republicans were ignored," "We can't support the whole world." None of these guesses fully explains what is the matter. The real, simple and sole cause of our plight is ignorance.

We are up against a complex, mystical, pseudo-scientific religion, a well-armed crusade called Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. It differs from everything else in history, most of all from everything American. It has created a crisis that may well be the supreme crisis in the life of mankind. And yet, up to the present moment, no one in execu-

tive authority in this country has taken the trouble to study its dogmas, decrees, plans, and strategies, and find out what it is and how it works.

On Feb. 11, 1940, Franklin D. Roosevelt said to a bunch of communist-minded young men and maidens on the White House lawn, "The Soviet Union, as everyone knows who has the courage to face fact, is a dictatorship as absolute as any dictatorship in the world." That was bold, true, and supremely important.

The Soviet Union, after Hitler attacked it, continued to be a dictatorship as absolute as any dictatorship in the world. But Roosevelt lost the courage, more exactly, the intellectual clarity, to face the fact. He began to deceive himself, and deceive those about him. He be-

\*32 E. 57th St., New York City 22. December, 1950.

came soft-headed; so did they. He became fuzzy-minded; so did they. He didn't know much about Stalin or Lenin, and nothing at all about Marxism, and instead of reading up on it, or calling in somebody who did know, he cultivated his ignorance. So did they. Aided by the war fever, he reached the point where he could habitually speak of the Soviet Union as a "democracy," a "liberty-loving," "peace-loving" nation. He could say of Stalin, who had then fully shown himself to be one of the bloodiest tyrants in history, "I got along fine with Marshal Stalin. I believe he is truly representative of the heart and soul of Russia. I do not think any insoluble differences will arise among Russia, Great Britain, and the U.S. We came to the conferences with faith in each other, and now we have supplemented faith with definite knowledge." But it was definite knowledge of what was not true, the most fatal of all forms of ignorance.

Cultivated ignorance, not knowing because you don't want to know, extended into every department of our government, and every phase of our political and military strategy in relation to Russia. Our statesmen didn't know and didn't want to know what Russia's foreign policy was, what Russia's internal regime was, what Stalin meant by democracy, what the Great Purge of 1936 to 1938 was about, why and by what means the fabulous "con-

fessions" were extorted.

They didn't know or want to know that the Chinese communists were hand-and-glove with Stalin in his plan to seize Manchuria, and then all China, and then all Asia, and then the world. They were taken in by the transparent hoax that the Chinese communists were middle-of-the-road agrarian liberals, independent of Moscow. For five years our whole Far Eastern policy was based on that Moscow-manufactured hoax.

And when the hoax was exploded, did they change their policy? Not for a second. They got out an enormous White Paper, 1,054 pages, trying to justify their policy. The makers of our foreign policy were more concerned to defend their own past than the future of our country.

However, I am not discussing the Democratic administration here. I am not campaigning for the Republicans. They have been just as ignorant. They joined the Democrats in what has been mistakenly called a bipartisan foreign policy. It was a nonpartisan no foreign policy, a harmony of ignorance, a clasping of hands on the fact that none of them had the slightest idea what to do.

I do not know how much Winston Churchill will be able to say in apology for his part in handing half the world to a tyrant: how far he was hoodwinked by Stalin, how far outvoted by the Stalin-Roosevelt



combination. He has not yet told us about that. But he joined heartily in the conspiracy of self-deception.

He contributed to Roosevelt's cultivated ignorance of Soviet policy. His guilt is greater, too, for in him ignorance requires more cultivation. He does not decide on things by hunch, as Roosevelt did. In *Great Contemporaries*, published in 1937, he wrote two paragraphs containing the entire body of knowledge for the lack of which the delegates at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam threw away their opportunity to rebuild the world.

He wrote, "Communism is not only a creed. It is a plan of campaign. A communist is not only the holder of certain opinions; he is the pledged adept of a well-thought-out means of enforcing them. The method of enforcement is as much a part of the communist faith as the doctrine itself. Pacific propaganda may be made the mask of hatreds never before manifested among men. No faith need be, indeed may be, kept with non-communists. Every act of good will, of tolerance, of conciliation, of mercy, of magnanimity on the part of governments or statesmen is to be utilized for their ruin. Then when the time is ripe every form of lethal violence from mob revolt to private assassination must be used without stint or compunction. The citadel will be stormed under the banners of Liberty and Democ-

### ***Report on the Russians***

I am well aware of the popular opinion in our country of Russia being a sincere friend of ours. But she needs watching and she has her spies in every country and knows well what is going on. I have no doubt that she has spies in the State department, possibly men who profess to hate her. The Russians are considered the greatest intriguers in Europe, controlling presses and shaping public opinion—and my opinion is that they need watching.

J. C. Hooker, Secretary of the U. S. Legation at Rome to William H. Seward, Sept. 3, 1865.

racy; and once the apparatus of power is in the hands of the Brotherhood, all opposition and contrary opinion must be extinguished by death. The absolute rule of a self-chosen priesthood according to the dogmas it has learned by rote is to be imposed upon mankind without mitigation, progressively and forever.

"To be forewarned should be to be forearmed."

How shall we reconcile this penetrating wisdom, a warning to the free world against every mistake its leaders have made in the last five years, with the giant part Churchill played in making those mistakes? How shall we reconcile it with his saying to the House of Commons in November, 1944, "I believe with

deep conviction that the warrior statesman at the head of Russia will lead the Russian peoples, all the peoples of Russia, into the sunlight of a broader and happier age for all, and with him in this task will march the British Commonwealth of Nations and the mighty U. S. A." He said this of a government which keeps in slavery 14 million of its people.

Churchill has frankly stated that he gave up all other considerations in his determination to beat Hitler. He exclaimed in a broadcast, June 22, 1941, "I will unsay no word that I have spoken about communism. But all this fades away before the spectacle which is now unfolding. We have but one aim and one single, irrevocable purpose. We are resolved to destroy Hitler and every vestige of the nazi regime."

And more intimately he confided to his secretary, "I have only one purpose, the destruction of Hitler, and my life is much simplified thereby." His praise of Harry Hopkins, though little short of adulation, could rise no higher than this: "There he sat, slim, frail, ill, but absolutely glowing with refined comprehension of the Cause. It was to be the defeat, ruin, and slaughter of Hitler, to the exclusion of all other purposes, loyalties or aims. In the history of the U. S. few brighter flames have burned."

It is questionable, indeed, whether such an abdication of intelligence in high places is to be found in the

previous history of the U. S., or such praise of it in England. Whatever may become of the British Empire, these words mark the end of the classic tradition of British diplomacy.

Churchill did unsay every word he had spoken about communism. He *unknew* every item of his knowledge about it. He achieved, by a somewhat strenuous exercise of will, the ignorance that our American leaders were naturally endowed with. But the result was the same: a second world-conquering tyrant is at our gates because a war against the first one was fought blindly.

Truman has wisely undertaken to get the truth about America into the minds of the Russians, but there remains the heavy task of getting the truth about Russia into the mind of Truman. Before a man can learn something, he has to know that he is ignorant of it. Even this preliminary knowledge is denied to those transfixed by the Churchill-Roosevelt tradition.

Truman got a merited horse laugh last year when he said, "I know Joe Stalin; he's a good fellow, but he's helpless in the hands of the Politburo." Yet that was only what his predecessors thought when Stalin failed to live up to his promises at Yalta. It was a notion that Stalin himself had been careful to plant in their minds in advance. Stalin has demonstrated by five solid years of treachery his unal-

tered belief that "no faith need be, indeed, may be, kept with non-communists." That is the very simple truth which those must see who aspire to lead us from here on.

President Truman recently said to Arthur Krock, "The real trouble with the Russians is that they are suffering from a complex of fear and inferiority where we are concerned." If he really means that, America is without leadership in the most subtle and complex and implacable danger she ever confronted.

The real trouble with the communists is that they believe that we are a degenerating society, and that they are the society of the future. They believe that in the long run they are bound to win. They are in a mood of belligerent superiority. They control one-third of the people and nearly half the earth, and threaten our national life as it has never been threatened before.

To the Truman-Marshall-Acheson school of diplomacy, last-ditch defenders of the policy of not knowing because you don't want to know, the attack in Korea must remain an impenetrable mystery. All they can learn from the sacrifice of American lives in that battle was summed up by Dean Acheson in the brilliant thought (not quoted verbatim): Because of the unprovoked attack in Korea, we must be all the more careful not to do or say anything that might provoke the Chinese communists. The Chinese communists are "provoked" by one thing and one only—an exposed point in our defenses, another chance to win a battle for the totalitarian world-communist crusade of which they are a part.

Ignorance in the executive, ignorance in the makers of our foreign policy, is more dangerous than treason.

**ON** THE first anniversary of the Russian "liberation" of Hungary the Catholic clergy received an order from the occupation authorities via the Hungarian government to remember the event in their Sunday sermon. The reluctant priests tried to find a way to do the remembering. Said one in his sermon: "We have received a request from higher authorities to remember and express our gratitude for the Russian liberation of our country that took place a year ago. We are a little, materially poor, and battered people and not in a position to repay the great Russian army." He looked up to heaven and raised his voice: "But we pray God that He pay back the Russians for everything they have done to us."

J. D.

*Tall tales about the old lumberjack get wilder*



## Forester Paul Bunyan

By JAMES STEVENS

Condensed from *Columbia*\*

**A**S THE hero of tall tales told by Lake States lumberjacks in the old days, Paul Bunyan has been called a monument of American folklore. He is more like a tree, however, for he lives and grows. In the big timber country of the Pacific Northwest stories of Paul Bunyan are as popular as ever. Twenty years ago a bunkhouse bard of the region composed a ballad that ran like this:

*He never shaved the whiskers  
From off his horny hide,  
But he'd pound 'em in with a hammer,  
Then bite 'em off inside.*

*The weather tried to freeze him,  
It blew from north to west.  
At a hunderd degrees below zero  
He buttoned up his vest . . .*

Timber union organizers have staked out claims on Paul Bunyan. They change the old lore and invent new tall tales to illustrate what terrible things could happen to a lumberjack in the pre-union logging operations of the mighty Paul.

One story tells how the doughnut

came to be invented. Seems Paul Bunyan was cleaning up a township of timber and came to Section 37. Old Paul was bound to have this tail-end section harvested before the big snows. He figured it would help if the choppers could keep right on dropping pines through the lunch hour. This led to the device of the horse-collar doughnut. Every day at noontime, chore-boys would load up sleds with doughnuts, tote them to the woods, and drop one over each chopper's neck. The chopper would keep right on swinging his ax, gnawing and chomping, kind of working the doughnut around and around until the last sliver was chewed down. That way, through the whole lunch hour he'd never miss a lick. Section 37 was logged in time, you betcher!

But it is the kids who are really keeping the Paul Bunyan legends alive and growing. In the schools and the organized groups of young folks of the forest communities, in the summer camps of the 4-H and

other youth organizations, and most of all in the forestry work that is open to students who are 16 or older, Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox, Johnny Inkslinger and Hels Helson, are all as alive as they ever were in the pineries of the Lake States 100 years ago.

The modern lads work the old lore into fresh forms and scenes that are new. A marked difference is in seasons. The shanty boys of old cut down the pines in winter, then took them down to the mills in spring river drives. Now, on the Pacific slope of Oregon and Washington, the forestry lads work in summer. They build trails and fight forest fires in country too rough for the horse-logging and river-driving of the old pineries. On the tree farms, the federal lands, and in the forestry work of the two northwest corner states young men find work to do—and tales to tell.

And all come up in giant size. It is Paul Bunyan's real home country today. Here he has become Forester Paul Bunyan, in place of Pinetop Paul, the lumberjack.

The French and the Irish brought the legend of Paul Bunyan to life, first in the Saginaw valley of Michigan, then in the moves north and west. After the Civil War the pine camps of the Saginaw really began to roar. The brawny young men from the Irish district of Detroit looked to the woods to improve their condition. Joe Murphy was one of them. The French up there

called him Joe Mufraw. Tales were set going about Joe Mufraw, making him a legend.

"You know Joe Mufraw?"

"Sure, and I know two Joe Mufraws. One is named Pete."

Down from the Three Rivers country of Canada came tales of a Paul Bunyon, a mighty man of the woods, a hero who had defied the British queen. Around the fires of the bunk shanties in winter-bound camps, tales were told of Joe Mufraw and Paul Bunyan—the "o" in his name being changed to "a"—along with the singing of such songs as the French-Canadian *Alouette* and the *Come All Yez* of the Irish axmen.

Probably the first thing to be printed on Paul Bunyan was a pack of verses, *The Round River Drive*, written by Douglas Malloch, a noted Michigan lumberman and writer, in 1914. He described Paul:

*He was the king pin of them all,  
The greatest logger in the land;  
He had a punch in either hand  
And licked more men and drove more  
miles  
And got more drunk in more new styles  
Than any other peavey prince  
Before, or then, or ever since—*

Malloch's poem of 200 lines carried most of the Paul Bunyan themes that had been borne by the 'jacks from the primitive shanty camps.

There was the one about the wagonload of split peas that was spilled in the hot springs. Paul

Bunyan saved them by throwing in salt pork, and thus providing a store of ready-made pea soup for a whole winter.

Paul's ox weighed more tons than any man with fewer than 17 fingers could count. It took 200 buck deer to make his buckskin harness. Once he was lugging a load of stovewood to camp. The harness was soaked, and when the ox came to a hill the load stuck and the harness stretched. Top of the hill Paul Bunyan tied the ox up and waited for the sun to shine. It came out so hot it dried the harness in no time at all. The buckskin shrank so hard and fast that it pulled that load of stovewood up the hill 40 miles an hour.

There was the winter Double Jaw Murphy got mad and chewed the grindstone into gravel. A big snow kept the tote teamster from going for a new one. All winter the choppers had to climb a steep hill each morning and roll boulders down, each running beside a bounding boulder and holding his ax to it, for sharpening up.

Paul was logging in new country that winter. In his time a logger was welcome to root in anywhere. Folks wanted to see the country cleared off. So Paul Bunyan wasn't sure of anything much except that a pine river was bound to lead to a sawmill market somewhere. But for once he was wrong. The 'jacks kept driving until it was nigh the Fourther July, and wondering more

and more about the sameness of the river and its country. Then they took a survey. Turned out the river just ran round and round in a circle.

Paul Bunyan grew bigger as he logged westward, and so did his foreman, Hels Helson, and his timekeeper, Johnny Inkslinger. Out west Paul Bunyan invented marbles from the huge boulders in glacial country.

Hels Helson had a great head on him. His hair grew in such yellow bristles that Babe the Blue Ox, who was nearsighted, often mistook it for a bale of hay. As a result, Hels was all the time suffering from ox bites.

Johnny Inkslinger was a mighty man of paperwork. His ledger was so big that he used a blotter boy to follow his pen, the lad wearing blotters strapped like snowshoes to his feet.

Other boys worked the same way in the kitchen, only they were mounted on slabs of bacon for the greasing of the flapjack griddle. They worked hard, for the best of the bunch was picked each year to be Johnny Inkslinger's new blotter boy and enjoy the finest chance in the world for a good education.

Moving west, Paul Bunyan kept finding new breeds of timber. Early one spring he came on a pine forest that looked mighty, mighty strange to him. He pulled up a pine by the roots for a close look and a smell. Next thing he knew the tears



were running out of his eyes, making a river down his beard.

The trees turned out to be onion pines. Trouble with logging that country was that a couple of choppers would weep while working on an onion pine. Take one of the biggest, and time the tree was dropped the men would be standing in mud puddles knee deep from the tears they shed.

When Paul Bunyan logged into the Dakota country the settlers were swarming over the land. Paul cleared the Dakotas for them by pulling all the stumps with his teeth. One tooth rotted from the strain. Paul invented dynamite to get rid of the tooth. He did it, all right, and left the tooth set up as a kind of monument when he went on west. Chimney Rock, it's known as in history.

The tall tales are now folklore, printed in books that are to be found in every public and school library. And they live on in the forest, taking fresh form and substance from the new life of people in the woods.

If Douglas Malloch were alive today in the Puget Sound country, he'd be hearing the lads who work on the lumber industry's tree farms or in forestry camps tell how Paul Bunyan dug the Sound and the Hood canal, piling up the dirt and rock into what is now Mt. Rainier.

Then, cruising back, Paul Bunyan discovered baby trees coming up on all his old cutovers. On the

oldest the new crop was coming on in saw-timber sizes. But there were black holes all over. These were burnouts from fires set by a pack of outlaw critters, the worst varmints alive, that had trailed his logging.

The most amazing was variously called the whintosser, the spintail cahoot and *Cephalovertens semper-ambulatus*. It was not very big, but mean—man alive! Its long neck and longer tail were on swivels and both could be spun against dry wood until the friction started fires. The body of the whintosser was completely surrounded by three sets of legs. The varmint could be done for only when it was chased into a circular culvert that made a tight squeeze for it. Then all of the whintosser's feet would strike the pipe at once. The befuddled creature would try to walk three different ways, and as a result it would tear itself apart and perish.

The weeping dotard, also called *Lacrimacarpus dissolvens*, was an easy one to hunt down and suppress. The dotard would stand for hours by a dead and dry tree, rubbing its bristling sides, weeping wretchedly all the while. The bristles of the beast were flint-like. Scratching them on a dead tree trunk never failed to start a forest fire. Spying smoke, Paul Bunyan would soon have another dotard in the smokehouse. Their hams were prime. Loggers were sorry to see dotards killed off.

The phosphorat (*Collapsofemuris*

*geocatapetes*) had legs and tail which it could let out or pull in like telescopes, bunching up to make way under heavy brush, stretching out to creep like the biggest spider ever seen over bunk-houses. A rodent as tough as asbestos, the phosphorat was the joker of Paul Bunyan's animal kingdom. He enjoyed nothing more than to let his tail down full length into a stovepipe and pull up blazing chunks, one at a time, leaving the loggers freezing and cursing from the lack of fire. Then would the phosphorat hustle into the woods with a burning chunk and there start a fire which the loggers would have to come out and fight. The phosphorat went about his evil business wearing a bucktooth grin, but he was truly a terror. He often set fires in the forest to roast panthers. He would catch a panther by forming his powerful elongated tail into a noose and whipping it over and around the big cat's neck. The phosphorat would then kick the creature to death with his hind feet.

Paul Bunyan domesticated the hodag (*Nasobatilus hystrivoratus*) to combat the phosphorat. The hodag was like a rhinoceros sheathed in bark and dripping pitch, with an ax-like horn standing on his

snout. Mr. Bunyan trained the hodag to lurk in the favorite panther-hunting grounds of the ferocious phosphorat, pretending to be a log. Then, when the phosphorat had noosed a panther, into the fray the hodag would charge, slashing down with his ax horn to chop off the hunter's tail.

Then, of course, *Nasobatilus hystrivoratus* became a problem for Paul Bunyan. Fortunately, he was able to find just the creature to combat the new menace. It was an ape-like timber beast called the tree cad, who disposed of the hodag and in his turn became a tremendous pest which was driven out of the forests by the importation of bearoos from Australia, and—

And so the tales may run, one breeding another, in forestry camp evenings when the foresters and their fire crews have time on their hands. Paul Bunyan is a familiar modern character in the elementary schools of all the tree-growing sections of the country and he lives and breathes in the forestry departments of the universities. It seems he will stay alive as long as there is a forest for his refuge, as long as there are shadows and whispers of trees to stir imaginings in people's minds.

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THE mink in the closet is sometimes responsible for the wolf at the door.

*Leisure* (Dec. '50).

*In the beams of a candle some look better, some look worse*



## *By Candlelight on February 2*

By RONALD KNOX

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**C**ANDLEMAS day is rather an obscure feast; obscure, I mean, in its origins. Take the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and look up the name of that old pagan festival which was called the Luperalia; you will find that in 494 A.D. this festival was "changed into the feast of the Purification." That's the sort of statement that always enchants me, because it's so typical of all the bogus stuff that is written nowadays about the history of religion. At the Luperalia a band of young men sacrificed a goat and a dog, smeared the blood on their foreheads, and then ran around the city hitting with leather thongs everybody they met. Pope Gelasius thought there wasn't much point in that, and "changed it" into the feast of Candlemas. You can imagine the old-fashioned people in Rome saying, "Of course, it's not quite the same as the old thing, but it's the same sort of thing, anyhow." When you've digested that nonsense, you look up the article on

Candlemas, in the same encyclopaedia. You find that the feast of Candlemas originated in the East long before it came to Rome, and that the Candlemas procession began at Rome in the year 687, practically 200 years after the Luperalia were abolished.

Well, when you've cut out all the learned stuff, the reason why we celebrate our Lady's Purification on Feb. 2 is clear enough. It is just 40 days after Christmas, or rather, it is the 40th day after Christmas, if you put both it and Christmas day into the sum. That was the rather confusing way in which the ancients used to reckon. Forty days after the birth of her child, a Jewish woman was expected to go up to the temple and give thanks to God. And at the same time she deemed the child which had been born to her; the child, in theory, belonged to God, and she had to buy it back from God by offering him the sacrifice of a lamb. If you were very poor, as our Lady and St.

\*The Gospel in Slow Motion. Copyright, 1950, by Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York City.  
182 pp. \$2.50.

Joseph were, you could sacrifice a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons instead.

Why it is the custom to bless candles and carry them around in procession isn't so clear. But whatever gave rise to the custom, it is obviously appropriate to the occasion, because it was on this occasion, you remember, that an old prophet called Simeon greeted the child Jesus with the hymn we call the *Nunc dimittis*. And at the end of that hymn he says that our Lord will be "the light which shall give revelation to the Gentiles, the glory of thy people Israel." The candle, in Christian ceremonies, is always meant to remind us of Christ, who is the light of the world. That is why the sponsor has to hold a candle when a child is baptized; that is why the Paschal candle is blessed and lit and dipped into the font on Easter eve. He is the Light which lightens every man coming into the world; and the Church, remembering old Simeon's prophecy, tries to give expression to this idea of light shining in darkness by making a great display of candlelight.

Many of you have been in church on Candlemas day or on some other occasion when each member of the congregation had a lighted candle to carry. Have you ever noticed, in the course of your distractions on such an occasion, how different a person's face looks when it has a candle held quite close to it? You get unaccustomed shadows

and high lights on it, the eyebrows show up more, and altogether it's quite a different face. The effect varies; sometimes you find that friends are much better-looking under that treatment, sometimes that they are much plainer. We don't all of us light up equally well.

And when the prophet Sophonias represents God as saying, "I will search Jerusalem with candles," that is the sort of picture it conveys to my mind. Probably they would be portable oil lamps, really, but the effect would be the same. I think of the face of everyone in Jerusalem suddenly lit up by having a candle held close to it, looking somehow quite different.

And then I try to think what it would be like if everybody, instead of having their faces suddenly lit up like that, could have their consciences suddenly lit up like that. And then I reflect that that is what did happen in Jerusalem, what did happen in the world, when Christ, the great Light, the great Lamp of Truth, came into it. Everyone who came close to him showed up in a new way in that light; everyone's conscience was thrown into strong relief, as people's features are thrown into strong relief by candlelight, and you saw the dark lines drawn darker; and people who had hitherto been quite obscure suddenly appeared in shining beauty of the soul, while others who had seemed only moderately evil till then suddenly showed up as hideous, almost

monstrous to look at. That was what happened when the Light came into the world, and those who were his own did not receive him. He divided the world, wherever he went, into two classes: the people who loved him, and the people who hated him; the people who shouted "Hosanna," and the people who shouted "Crucify him."

You will remember that Simeon had some more to say, when he met the child Jesus in the temple, besides the *Nunc dimittis*. He said, "This child is destined to bring about the fall of many and the rise of many in Israel." You rose or you fell when you met him; you did not stay where you were. Peter met him, and rose from being a plain fisherman to being the prince of the Apostles. Judas met him, and fell from being his trusted companion to being the traitor who handed him over. The rise and fall of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against: he comes to the world as a sign that God is at last having mercy on his people, visiting them to redeem them from their sins. But that sign will only get its message across to a few; there will be others, alas, there will be many others, who will speak against that sign, turn their backs on it and pretend not to notice it. And then Simeon goes on, "That the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." The thoughts were there all the time, but they were not revealed; people did not make their

inner thoughts fully known, even to themselves, until our Lord came, the Candle that threw its light into the recesses of their consciences and showed them up for what they were. The shepherds on the hill were good, honest shepherd folk, that was all; they went and saw the child Jesus in his crib, and he turned them into Christian missionaries. Herod was a wicked man, everybody knew that; but nobody knew how abominably cruel he was until a Child was born in Bethlehem, and he massacred the Holy Innocents—Christmas day showed him up for the treacherous coward he was. Everybody who came across Jesus of Nazareth was either the better or the worse for it.

So it was all through his life. So it was here, in the temple; Simeon, specially warned by the Holy Spirit to go into the temple just when he did, takes the Child in his arms; and as the Child smiles up at him, that smile lights up his old face as if with candlelight, and he becomes a prophet. So it is with Anna, the widow who is mentioned just afterwards; she merely catches sight of the Child, it would seem, and is so moved by the encounter that she goes about speaking of it to all those who were in Jerusalem. And all through his life our Lord has this strange power of compelling the allegiance of all the people who have their hearts in the right place; the thoughts of those hearts are revealed, they come and



tell him about their troubles, they confess their sins to him, they ask to become his disciples. Mary Magdalen, guilty though she has been, falls at his feet in floods of tears; meanwhile, Simon the Pharisee, who is our Lord's host on that occasion, can do no more than reveal to the world, echoing down posterity, the accents of his miserable pride. The Pharisees as a whole show up badly, don't they, in that divine candlelight? All his kindness, all his patience, all his works of mercy, only make them hate our Lord the more. And so at the last they hurry him to a cross; and even on the cross he divides the world into those who love him and those who hate him; the thief on one side of him turns his face towards the light, and it is irradiated with the

promise of a happy eternity; the thief on the other side turns his face away, and goes out into the darkness to which he belongs. Wherever he goes, our Lord reveals men's hearts, and we see them either lit up by his presence, or shown up in all the dark lineaments of their pride, hatred, and guilt.

All consciences show up, brighter or darker, more beautiful or more deformed, in the brightness which is the nearness of Christ. Blemishes of character which we hardly notice in some friend who has escaped the influence of religion altogether are glaring in a fervent Catholic. Selfishness, uncharity, meanness, self-indulgence, half-heartedness show up cruelly in the light that streams from Christ crucified!

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BACK in 1932, Bernard Shaw's book, *The Black Girl in Search of God*, inspired much comment. But Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., was unimpressed. He took the book into the pulpit of the Priory church, Haverstock Hill, one evening at the height of controversy over it. It was a very black book. The cover was black. It was about a black girl. The book contained a lot of black things, notably that the Ten Commandments should be reversed.

Where the Commandment said "Thou shalt," Shaw would have it "Thou shalt not." Shaw said that we should steal, since the Eighth Commandment had forbidden it. But there was one word in the book which convinced Father Vincent that Shaw was writing with his tongue in his cheek. Father said he would read that word.

But before he read it, everyone was tense with suspense. He had to find his glasses. He had to put them on. He picked up the book. It was upside down. He spent several seconds finding the right page. He read the word to himself, put the book on the pulpit, took off his glasses, brushed back his hair with both hands (a habit of his). Then with both hands to his mouth, he shouted, in a tone that reverberated through the vast church, the one word, "Copyright."

From *A Saint in Hyde Park* by E. A. Sideman (Newman Press, 1950. \$2).



# The Lions of Quo Vadis

Condensed from *De Maasbode*\*

**A** LOCOMOTIVE with seven freight cars steamed into the San Lorenzo station in Rome. A large crowd milled about the train, for it was carrying a roaring cargo of wild animals from Klant's zoo in Valkenburg, Netherlands. These animals were "extras" imported for the filming of *Quo Vadis* by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

*Quo Vadis* is an old story to the films. It has been done up in tinsel and cardboard several times, always with success, at least for the box office.

In this new filming of the old epic nothing was to be left to chance. Everything was to be super-colossal. Descendants of saints, gladiators, Caesars and Romans were to be the frenzied mob in the circus. The scenes were to take place in the history-soaked and blood-soaked Colosseum itself. Klant's animals were a last touch of reality: no toothless old pets would do this time.

The moment the animal train screeched to a stop, M-G-M employees swarmed over it with the enthusiasm of circus roustabouts at a tank

stop. The doors of the cars were thrown open. The iron cages with their great cats were trundled aboard 12 trucks which roared off to Cinecitta, the Italian Hollywood.

Mr. Klant was in complete charge. Seeing him walking about the station in a quiet business suit, bystanders observed nothing of that dash and bravado which endeared him to hushed audiences under the big top. He was excited with his new job. Movie atmosphere is much like the glitter of the circus. He expected excitement. This is the way he told the story.

My eyes fairly popped out when we arrived at Cinecitta. The Amer-



\*Kortenaerstraat 1, Rotterdam, Holland, as published in *Katholieke Digest*, November, 1950.

icans certainly had everything well laid out for us. A great shed had been built to house my lions. It wasn't just a shed, mind you, but a cat palace with running water, electric light, telephones, and even a shower. Of course, the shower and telephones were for me.

A thick hedge had been planted all about our quarters to give us shade in the hot summer weather. Outside this was a high barbed-wire fence. The place looked like a concentration camp, but *de luxe*. To protect our privacy and keep visitors away, a guard of four men screened everyone at the heavy gate to the place. My staff and I were the only ones who came and went at will.

Before long we were put to work. The first scene in which my animals took part was not too hard. I was cast in the character of a Roman overseer. I was supposed to be tough. Cracking my bull whip, I drove the slaves into the chariots to which the big cats had been harnessed. Then, I forced the slaves to drive their spitting chargers round and round the arena. The towering galleries were packed with extras in Roman dress. They shouted with glee and bent distorted faces down upon us. It was so real it gave me the creeps. All the howling made my lions nervous too, but fortunately there were no retakes, and the scene passed without incident.

Our next episode was more com-

plicated, and took longer to film. It was designed after an Alma Tademá picture, I think. You know that one where the little-girl martyr is waiting in the arena with a rose in her hand? The lions are slinking up the dark staircase that leads from the cellars of the arena. The light falls upon them in a shower from above; they blink their eyes and lift their nostrils at the scent of prey.

The director was fussy about the atmosphere in this scene. Light, shadow, composition, animal grouping: everything had to be just right. We sweated and snarled through the scene a hundred times before everything was worked out for a perfect take. It took us a week to whip the whole sequence into satisfactory shape.

Another episode gave us endless trouble. I suppose that, too, was designed from some famous picture. My assistant and I were to throw up the gates of the cages, which had been lined up in the arena in sight of the mob. The wild animals were supposed to come bounding out of their cages to pounce hungrily upon the cowering Christians. We couldn't starve our cats like the Romans used to do, but before the cameras started to grind and the kliegs went on, we whipped up the lions and tigers just enough to make them active and restless. Hunks of fresh meat were thrown about in the arena. We thought, of course, the beasts

would bound out and fall upon the meat in spine-chilling style. What happened? Our aroused cats did bounce out into the ring all right, but when they felt the heat of the Roman summer sun beat upon them they stretched out on the warm sand, yawned, and went to sleep. We tried the business over and over. It was infuriating. Everyone was wild but the lions.

Finally one of my men had an idea. "Why not try the scene early in the morning while it's still cool?" he suggested. "And, besides, it's their regular feeding time."

The suggestion was a honey. The lions and tigers acted with the untamed genius of a Carl Akeley short. They made brief work of their meal with a ferocity which would give the shakes to any film audience.

Don't get the idea that handling a large group of animals lacks danger. There's plenty of it in such work. Cats are unpredictable: when you think you have them tamed, you're in for a rude surprise. So it happened with us. In a scene where the Christians are supposed to run about the arena trying to escape the maddened beasts we had some casualties.

One of the Christians was Sarlo Stevens. To add a touch of reality to the scene, he was expected to grab a rope and pull himself up above the coping of the arena. Stevens grabbed the rope, with a drooling lion in pursuit. But through

some mischance, he failed to leap up to the coping. The charging beast dragged him down on the sand and mangled him.

Another actor, Gaston Bosman, had some bad luck. It was planned that he should make a swift-footed getaway from the lion which was chasing him. Bosman ran, all right, but he slipped and fell. In desperation he turned on the pursuing lion, and in sheer terror tried to get a strangle hold on the animal's neck. He was clawed terribly before we could drive the big cat away.

I have been in mortal danger, too. In the same scene where the others met tragedy I was pursued by one of my fiercest lionesses. She approached me with bared fangs and leaped upon me. This could have been my finish, but at the crucial moment I shouted in a terrible voice, "Stop! Be good, Mila! Down, Mila!" My long training of this animal paid off. She merely gave me a playful nudge with her nose.

All my assistants played parts in the drama, and they really let themselves go. In our eagerness to be good actors we sometimes miscalculated and let an animal get too close, or out of hand. As a result we all have scars and scratches.

One of the women actors earned my complete admiration. Her name is Fabienne Flereau. She works as an animal trainer in Paris, and I taught her all the tricks of the trade long before our assignment to work in *Quo Vadis*.

In one electric scene Fabienne, who played the role of a Christian, was expected to fall to the ground just before the lion pounced upon her. Fabienne acted her part with superb coolness. We watched her with tingling nerves, outside the angle of the camera. Then, in a split second, before the lion could strike, we dragged her out of his path and put a dummy in her place. That woman never batted an eye.

The last episode gave us great pleasure. In that scene, the lions really devour the Christians. We sat on the sidelines and saw the ferocious beasts tearing us limb from limb. They tore hunks from our flesh and we could hear them crunching our bones.

You've guessed, of course, that

the big cats devoured dummies of us. The dummies were all perfectly made, with wigs and masks over a foundation of donkey flesh. Perhaps this is an indication of what Hollywood thinks of our acting.

Now I have come home to Valkenburg. My big cats are back in the quiet of our town, and the silence of their cages. Believe it or not, I have had quite a time rehabilitating them. They threw themselves into their jobs with too much realism, and now they have a taste for Roman times—and blood.

Except for this, circus life goes on as usual. Aside from our scars, the only permanent mark of our movie fame is a little sign which hangs on the lions' cage: "We are the stars of *Quo Vadis*."



### Change of Menu

AN atheistic scientist and his party, during an expedition through the interior of Africa, came to the village of a tribe that had recently been cannibals. They were mildly surprised at the royal welcome they received, but were astounded when the entire tribe knelt and offered prayers of thanksgiving for their safe deliverance through hostile territory.

Later, at a conference with the chief, the scientist asked what had caused the tribe to give up cannibalism. The chief explained that they had recently been converted to the Catholic faith.

The scientist laughed. "The only real god is the god of scientific knowledge. What good has it done you to embrace Christianity? Look around you; you are still living in abject poverty, and are as primitive as your forefathers."

"It would be difficult for me to explain the good it has done for us," the chief answered, "but our conversion has done you and your party more good than you realize."

"What do you mean?" the scientist asked.

"Well," the chief answered, "if we had not been converted to Christianity we would be having you for dinner instead of to dinner this evening."

John W. McMahon in the *Victorian* (Sept. '50).

*He really can get you if you don't watch out*

# My Tangle With the Octopus

By VIRGIL BURFORD  
as told to WALT MOREY

Condensed from the *American Legion* magazine\*

ONE of the first questions people ask a deep-sea diver is, "Have you ever seen an octopus?" When I tell them I've seen 300 in a single day, they call me a liar.

For the last nine years I have been a fish-trap diver for the Alaskan salmon canneries. My job is to inspect the traps and make repairs. Often it is necessary to eliminate sharks, sea lions, and other sea denizens that blunder into the enclosure. If left in they rip the trap to shreds or stamper the timid salmon back into the sea. I have come in contact with everything from an 80-ton whale to a 300-pound baby sea lion. But of all the toughies in the sea, the octopus was the one I most dreaded meeting.

I knew, before I made my first dive, that the meeting was in-

evitable. So I began to gather all possible information. I haunted book stores and libraries. What I found was a few personal experiences.

I learned that the octopus was a sulking, solitary individual, lurking in rock crevices, caves, and old wrecks. His main diet is crab, and his table manners are on a par with his looks. Once captured, his victim is bitten by the parrot-like beak, and a digestive juice is forced into its body from the octopus'

mouth. This juice paralyzes the victim, then dissolves and partly digests the flesh, the resulting soup being sucked back into the octopus' mouth. I found, too, that the world's largest octopuses inhabit Alaskan waters; that some, spread out, have measured more than 28 feet. I found nothing about



\*580 5th Ave., New York City, 19. November, 1950.



their strength, speed, manner of fighting, nor how I should fight or avoid them. This knowledge I felt I must have, before we met face to face down below. I set out to learn firsthand.

Near Halibut Point, at Sitka, there is a stretch of clear rock-strewn bottom that is perfect for studying the octopus. When the tide is out, stranded young octopuses crouch in the countless shallow pools that pock the shore. It was here, with a 12-foot pike pole, that I went to school.

Pole in hand, I'd move among the pools peering into shadowy holes and crevices. I'd look for a tentacle stretched snake-like along the face of a rock, a pair of coal-black eyes watching me, a pinkish pear-shaped mass crouched far back in a hole.

When I'd find one I'd move in, spear ready. He never came out at me, but cringed far back, watching. When I gipped him he immediately began waving all eight tentacles in wild confusion. When one came in contact with the pike pole, he grabbed and yanked. One or two more arms popped out and joined the first. With the others he'd anchor to bottom and pull, or more likely, just hold on.

Unless I was braced, the first yank of a four-foot octopus took me off my feet or ripped the pike pole free. When he settled down to hanging on, his strength was a match for mine. Often I've had to

kill an octopus to rescue the pike pole. The trick is simple. Pull hard on the pole, then suddenly reverse and jab. The best way to kill an octopus is to drive the pike pole through the soft, fleshy head just above and between the eyes.

I graduated from the Halibut Point beach school to the open sea in a hurry. I wasn't ready to face the big ones. I don't think a diver is ever ready, but there were other questions I wanted answered and only the big fellows could do that. Would they, too, be reluctant to come out of a hole? Would they deliberately tackle a diver? What would happen if one got close enough to wrap all eight tentacles around a diver? I got one answer off Cape Edgecumbe, in the open sea. I got another in almost every fish trap I dived into.

The open sea, beyond Cape Edgecumbe, is a favorite breeding ground for octopuses. The water is clear, the bottom rocky. I dived to find a ten-ton anchor. I was down about 70 feet, stumbling through a rocky quarry that was a devil's nightmare of stone, from the size of marbles to four-room houses. There were crevices and caves on all sides, but even here there was a housing shortage. There were thousands of octopuses out in the open. Little fellows, not more than nine inches across, were spread out on rocks; bigger brothers and sisters clung to other rocks or sat on the floor of the sea. As I approached, they shot



off in all directions. Some zoomed out ahead like batted tennis balls, to disappear in the clear, liquid distance. Others popped straight up or shot off to right and left. The little fellows left first. The larger the octopus, the later he moved.

I had progressed about 100 yards when I met my first big fellow. I squeezed between two rocks, and there he was, sitting in the open, not more than 30 feet away, and staring at me with cold, expressionless eyes. I guessed that, spread out, he'd measure 20 feet. I stopped, unable to suppress a shudder, from the sheer repulsive look of him.

We looked at each other a few seconds. Then he shot away and wedged himself into the crevice between two rocks. I walked carefully by, gripping my spear, making no overt moves, but I felt his eyes following me.

I felt no fear, as you normally feel fear. But it was there, I knew. I can see how a diver might lose all reason and the ability to fight back or think when a tentacle unexpectedly snakes out to imprison an arm or leg. He did not follow me, and I guessed he'd shot away as the others had, for this was open sea. What he might do in the confines of a cave or sunken ship that he considered home was another matter.

Sunken ships are favorite homes of octopuses. They also comprise a great part of a diver's work. We raise them if they are not too

badly damaged or if the operation is not too expensive. Sometimes we are hired to salvage valuable equipment.

The old seiner was an example. She had hit a rock and ripped out her bottom, and had sunk so quickly that there was barely time for the crew to toss over a skiff and jump. Everything was lost, including several thousand dollars locked in the skipper's trunk behind the galley stove. They hired me to salvage the trunk. The skipper and a crewman went along to tend my air and telephone lines.

The ship lay in about 60 feet of water, tipped partially on her side. I climbed aboard the sloping deck, edged through the wheelhouse, down a couple of steps, through another door, and into the galley. The galley was in deep gloom. I felt along the bulkhead, found the stove, ran my hands across its top, and located an opening that led to the back. I leaned in, groping, felt the end of a box, found a handle attached, and began to pull. It was almost clear when I had the prickly feeling that I was being watched. I dropped the trunk, turned, and stood staring into the gloom around me.

Then I saw him; rather, I saw a vague pear-shaped outline with four or five coiled tentacles. He was pulled back into the farthest corner of the galley, but was still fewer than ten feet away. My first thought was, "Where are those oth-

er tentacles?" Would I suddenly feel a powerful yank at my arms and legs?

In a way, I had him cornered. He had to pass within a foot of me to get out. He also had me trapped. There was little room to swing a knife in this close space, and with such darkness I'd be stabbing at a shadow. If he tried to escape, there was my air line coming through the door. He might snag it, rip it loose from the suit, and leave me stranded here. I stealthily unscrewed the knife from the scabbard, and left it hanging free for a quick snatch. I needed both hands to gather up my air and telephone lines. I was getting out.

I stepped backward, was reaching for the first coil of hose when it happened. There was no tip-off, like a cat's crouch, a bird's spring as it takes flight. One instant he was still, cowering, the next he exploded out of his corner. I grabbed for the knife, but before I touched it, he was on me. There was a whip of tentacles past the face plate. A stream of expelled water hit me with fire-hose force, hurling me backward over the chest. I caught one glimpse of him shooting through the door. He completely filled the opening. There was a sharp, scraping drag at the air line; then I was alone.

I sat down on the chest, feeling like a mass of jelly that had been poured into a diving suit. At the moment I was satisfied that I never

wished to see another octopus, and I certainly wanted no more test proofs.

As it happened, a diver named Bill Holmes made the final test. Holmes, a big fellow and a good diver, was in Alaska without a suit, and for a time we joined forces on outside jobs and took turns diving. One of the jobs took us to Cape Edgcombe, the octopus-infested rock quarry I'd been in before. We were to look for another lost anchor. For help we had a big-shouldered Swede who was going halibut fishing soon, and a wiry little fellow named Jerry. Jerry knew where the anchor was.

I went down first. Finally I came up, and Holmes donned the suit. I took over the telephone, and for another hour we crept back and forth across the sea.

Holmes' diving experience had been around docks in harbors. The octopuses surprised and startled him. At first he was constantly saying excitedly, "There goes a big devil! There's another'n. Man, oh man!" Finally, the novelty wore off, and I heard no more. Then he said, "There's a big one here in a hole. If Swede wants him for halibut bait send down a spear."

"You betcha, I want 'im," Swede said.

The spear, a pike pole with the barb cut off, was dropped into the sea, fastened to a shackle to sink it.

A minute later Holmes' voice said, "One octopus comin' up."

Then silence—silence shattered by a blood-chilling scream. The air and life lines began dancing madly.

I yelled, "Haul him up, quick!" Jerry and Swede began yanking at the life line. I shouted into the phone, "Holmes, what's wrong? What happened?"

The screaming went on. There was but one explanation. Something had misfired, and 70 feet down Bill Holmes was fighting for his life with the octopus. Swede and Jerry could not lift him. I added my strength, and still we could not budge him off the ocean floor.

Jerry and Swede held the strain, and I returned to the telephone. I had to break through Holmes' fear somehow. Only by understanding the situation below would we know what to do. I began talking to him, repeating myself over and over.

"We're trying to help you, Holmes! But you've got to tell me what's wrong. You've got to tell me, understand? Tell me! Tell me!" I don't know how often I repeated that before I made out his first half-sobbing words, "He's got me! He's got me!"

The moment he began talking, he quieted down and talked sanely. Holmes had found the octopus in a hole under a ledge. His aim had been poor and he'd driven the spear low, down into the body. The octopus ripped it from his hands, shot out a pair of tentacles, and wrapped them around his leg.

Holmes had drawn his knife but lost it in his frantic struggle. Then we had tightened on the life line. Now we were hauling on Holmes from one end, the octopus from the other. We held our strain, he held his.

We needed another diver to go down and kill the octopus, but I knew of none in Alaska. So we just held our strain and tried to think. Swede said, "Why not lower the anchor over th' octopus with Holmes directin' it, and drop it on 'im."

"We're both under the shelf of rock," Holmes said. "You can't do it."

Jerry said, "We've got another pike pole we can send down." But the shelf would keep that away from Holmes too.

We were out of ideas. I ran up a distress flag, hoping a boat would come by to help us. We took a pass around a cleat with the life line, putting all the strain we dared on Holmes' legs—and waited. Three men could never be more helpless to aid another. A half hour crawled away. I asked, "Bill! how you making?"

"My leg's numb." His voice was thin and sharp. "I can't hold out much longer."

"How hard did you stick him with the spear?" I asked.

"Pretty hard. Why?"

"Maybe he'll get weak soon."

"If he don't, then what?" he asked again.

"There'll be a boat along soon," I said. "We'll get some help."

"What good's help up there?"

"Wait and see," I said. "Just don't lose your nerve." But he was right. A hundred men up here wouldn't help.

An hour dragged away. The day was bright and warm, the sea calm. And 70 feet away, on the end of the line we held, a man's life was running out. I searched the horizon for a boat until my eyes ached and sky and sea ran together. I kept up a steady run of talk to Holmes.

A second hour passed. I filled the compressor with gas. We held our strain; the octopus held his. Every few minutes now, Holmes asked in an increasingly sharp voice, "You see a boat yet? Why dontcha look for a boat? How many hours I been down?" Then he'd add, "What—what happens if this guy gets at me? Does he use that beak?"

"Cut it," I said sharply. "We're going to get you out."

Suddenly Holmes was half sobbing, "I can't stand no more. I can't stand it! There's no boat comin'. Even if one did, they can't do nothin'. I'm out of luck."

It's a terrible thing to be so close, so helpless, and hear a man crack up. I said, "You're crazy. You're yellow. You haven't got the guts to fight it out." I called him everything, I didn't let him get in a word. Finally the sobbing stopped.

After a little he said quietly, "All right, Virg. All right." I sat down on the rail and looked at my feet. I didn't look at Swede or Jerry and I didn't once glance at the sea. We waited—and waited.

Then Holmes' voice said again, "Virg, I've thought it all out. I figured like you at first. That he'd get sick from the stickin'. But he ain't. Maybe he can hold me here for days. Anyhow, I know there ain't much gas for the compressor and when that runs out I'm done. I've got one chance, just one. Start the boat and begin pullin'."

"We'd pull a leg off," I said.

"It don't matter." The fatalistic calm of his voice made my skin crawl. "I don't wanna be left down here with an octopus. Start pullin'! You'll get most of me."

Swede shook his head when I told them. "He knows what he wants."

Jerry wiped his sweating face. He looked at the water, around the empty horizon. "Maybe—maybe if I just ease her in slow—take a little pull."

"Bill," I said into the telephone, "we're going to try a pull. I want you to tell me exactly how it goes. Exactly!"

"Pull!" he said. "Pull!"

The engine started. Jerry glanced at me, at Swede, his face tight, shiny; then he eased in the clutch. The propeller bit into the water, the boat eased forward. The life line crept aft. Strain came into it.

"Bill," I asked, "how goes it?"

The phone was dead. Then the line was swinging forward to straight down. It could mean but one thing. Holmes' voice croaked, "Virg! Virg! I'm comin' up!"

I yelled and jumped for the life line. Jerry cut the motor. The three of us hauled in like mad. Holmes was coming up under the boat and he was ready to break the surface before we fought him clear. It was not the diving helmet that rose above the sea, but the ugly pear-shaped body of the octopus. He was perched atop the helmet, all eight tentacles twined about Holmes' body. I grabbed the pike pole, and with a single smash drove it, spur and all, completely through his head and a yard beyond.

We got the helmet off and stripped away the suit. Holmes had been sick inside the helmet several times. He stretched out on deck,

eyes shut, and drew in great gulps of air. He'd been down three hours.

At last he muttered, "That pull broke him loose, then he climbed on top of me. I—I thought I was a goner."

An hour later he was all right. His left leg was sore, but that was all. Holmes' experience proves something I've thought a long time. It's the diver's panic that licks him. The octopus had actually done nothing more than hold him. If Holmes hadn't speared him, the octopus would not have attacked.

In nine years of searching I have found not one verified case of an octopus having killed a man. If the occasion demanded I would not hesitate to meet him with a sharp knife and predict the outcome. Which doesn't mean I feel at ease in his presence. I will still walk a long way around to avoid this Karloff of the Deep.

### Book Reviews

**F**OR our money, the most intriguing book news last week came out of Canon City, Colo., where a busload of football players hurtled 17 miles down a winding mountain road when the air brakes failed. At one point when the going got a little rough, the old question of morals vs. literature intruded. According to the bus driver, "One guy was reading one of those novels. I remember something sailed by my head about the time we hit 85. Later he told me it was his book. He said he didn't want to be found dead with a book like that in his hand."

*New York Times Book Review* (3 Dec. '50).



**A**LADY borrowed a highly spiced historical novel from the Morrisania branch of the New York Public library. Before returning it, she wrote a note on the fly leaf. It read, "In case of fire, be sure to throw this in."

Isabel Winslette.



*Love can grow from a rain of bombs*



# China: War and a Lady

By FULTON OURSLER

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**O**NE afternoon, not long ago, I sat before a wood fire and drank green tea with a Chinese lady whom I have known for many years. As I watched the warm light play across her face, I wondered at the tranquillity of her expression and the peace in her eyes. Most of all I marveled that she spoke of the enemies of her country without bitterness. Yet she had lived through the thousand and seven bombings of Chungking in the late 30's.

"Surely," I said, "you must feel resentment against the Chinese Reds. I should think you would hate *us* for not having helped you more. As for the Japs—"

"No," she smiled. "I can't even hate them. I am not being noble. I am talking only about the common sense of the soul."

And then she told me the tale of her desperate misadventure, which taught her the hardest and best lesson she had ever learned.

It happened in Chungking in the season of the full moon. There is no fairer scene of peace than a Chinese countryside under a round, bright moon. But in war the lovely silver light shows the way for enemy planes, making day of night, and there is bombing all around the clock.

My Chinese friend would be busy about her own affairs. Then the signal would sound. She would hurry down into the shelters, under the Yellow Mountain rock that stands like Gibraltar where two rivers flow together, beyond the temporary capital. The caves were dark and there was only candle-light; in the chill and damp, with water incessantly dribbling down the rocky walls, the people huddled together in a democracy of common danger: cook and general, coolie and priest.

They could hear the muffled explosions and feel the rough stone floor tremble under their feet, as

\**Why I Know There Is a God. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Doubleday and Co., New York City. 192 pp. \$2.*



the bombs fell on homes and churches and orphanages. When at last the "all-clear" whistle would blow, they would climb the long dark corridor that led to the clear air and sunlight. There would be a little time to put out the fires, carry in the wounded, lift the dead from the streets—and then the alarm would scream again, calling all back to the shelter.

During the season of the bright moon, that experience was repeated 24 times a day. My friend was never once afraid, nor did she hate. From childhood she had been raised as a Christian, taught to forgive and to do good even to those who did evil to her. But that was before she had found herself in a beleaguered city, especially in the time of the full moon.

After the first few months, she began to feel a change in herself. It became less and less easy for her to sit quietly in the dark and wait for the raids to end. She had to find devices to busy her thoughts. At first she studied Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, reading by the light of a candle stuck in a saucer. Next she turned to ancient Chinese history, with its brief texts and elaborate commentaries, and the writings of the golden age of Chinese poetry in the Tan dynasty.

But as months began to turn into years, the raids kept on and on. And now my friend would often find herself trembling from a new turbulence of thought. Her dreams

turned into nightmares, visions of vengeance against the cities of the enemy, punishments more terrible than the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. And she was beginning to find it harder to think straight and clear; she told herself she needed something that called for more concentration than the reading of classics.

There was living then in the neighborhood a young Belgian priest who had taken a Chinese name. My friend's background is wholly Protestant; but she revered the piety and good sense of this 27-year-old pastor who called himself Père Wei. He was a devout and consecrated man. One day she asked him if he would care to help her improve her French. While she could read his language, her pronunciation, she knew, was imperfect. So Father Wei began, during the raids, to coach her in pronunciation and also in grammar. Deep in the dark, foul caves, with hundreds crowded together, they managed to carry on the lessons. He would start:

"The subjunctive denotes—"

*Crash!* Another bomb.

"—in general, what is viewed as—"

*Smash!* Another building destroyed.

"—being desirable—"

*Boom!* Clatter!

"—or undesirable—"

*Bang!*

At first the lessons were helpful.

To concentrate on irregular verbs and syntax was a kind of temporary surcease, but the everlasting persistence of the raiding soon infuriated my troubled friend so that, however hard she tried, she could barely listen.

That was why, one April morning, she foolishly lingered too long out-of-doors. It was a day of bright sunshine, with the smell of wild flowers and new life spreading on the soft, spring breezes. They had just lived through another raid; the thought of going down into the caves again was suddenly intolerable.

"Father Wei," she said, "they won't be back for a little while longer, I'm sure! Let's sit here by this rattan table and study like human beings, not like rats in the ground."

He gave her a mild glance, as if surprised by her tone, but he made no protest. As she sat down, a French lesson book in her hand, her body, mind and soul were in turmoil. It was not going to be easy to concentrate, even in the spring air.

Suddenly she looked up and saw her husband, standing at the entrance of the cave. He was beckoning her inside.

"Don't stay out there. You can never be sure," he called, and turned back. She could see him dimly as he descended the dark and narrow corridor that led into the cave. She should have answered

his summons, but in that moment she furiously resented, not her husband's call, but the need for it! So she lingered.

Then, almost instantly, as from nowhere, a distant drone, speeding toward them: enemy planes!

She sprang up, dropping her book and running toward the entrance, Father Wei close behind her. Then chaos! There was a roar, a concussion, blackness. When her brain cleared, she was lying face down on the rough floor, cut and bruised, but just safely within the sheltering corridor. As she lay, in the dark, and yet with her mind apparently clearer than in a long time, a voice seemed to speak to her. Was it her husband? Or the priest? It was neither: it was like a voice within herself.

"You have been saved from the Japanese again. But what can save you from yourself?"

From herself? What did that mean? Her husband and the priest were lifting her, almost carrying her, down the steep corridor.

Save her from herself? She was sitting in a chair. A doctor was examining her. But her thoughts were not on her body. There was a battle within.

"You were so near to death, only a few minutes ago," one part of her was saying. "You are alive now only because of the mercy of God. Must not you also be merciful?"

Yes, to all, to everyone, except, of course, the Japs.

"Even the Japanese," the inner voice was telling her.

*Forgive the Japs!* The very thought seemed criminal, treason to the sacred cause. They had ravaged and pillaged, tortured and maimed, bayoneted babies and grandmothers, burned Chinese people alive, starved them to death.

"I curse the Japs!" she told herself stubbornly.

But the inner voice would not be silenced. "Curses fall back on the curser. Hate destroys the hater."

Through the gloom she could see Father Wei. Probably he was praying. And somehow she knew he would be praying for all the people of the world. "For them that do all manner of evil against you—"

When the all-clear signals sounded, her husband walked with her to where the rattan table and chair had been, and were no more. A piece of shrapnel had cut the French grammar in half; its battered pages lay on the terrace. She still treasures the two pieces, for to her they are symbols of what almost happened to her in soul as well as in body. With the shattered book leaves in her hands, she understood at last the meaning of the question: What could save her from herself?

The Japanese had not been able to destroy her, but by her hatred of them, she had been destroying herself! The very hatred she had nursed was destroying her efficiency, her ability to fight on. She must

fight, not like a dragon, but like the knightly St. George, who saved the people, but did not become like the beast he slew. She could even ask God to open the eyes of the oppressors, to change them. Not curses but prayers were needed for the dream of victory and peace.

"Much has happened to my unhappy country, to my husband and to me, since that April morning in the bomb shelter," my friend told me. "But through it all, through defeat and illness, I have been able to carry on with a sense of confidence and faith, and inner peace."

"What came to me like a providential vision, in the dugout, now in more peaceful surroundings seems a kind of spiritual common sense. In great matters or small, hate is a painful and bitter experience. If we are wise, we will make haste to forgive, and get rid of the pain and bitterness before we get sick from them."

"And, throughout all eternity, I forgive you, you forgive me!"

"That is the beginning of true freedom: when we are liberated from ourselves."

And I could see the peace in her eyes, more radiant than ever, as she paused, near the open door, before the photograph of a soldier in uniform. There were vases of red blossoms placed before the picture, and I knew it was the likeness of her husband. Then we shook hands and I took leave of my hostess, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

*The candidates do not campaign for the Papacy*

# Election of the Servant of Servants

By JAN OLAV SMIT and JAMES H. VANDERVELDT

Condensed from a book\*

**A**DRIAN II used to say that the Papacy was the worst thing one could wish for an enemy. Gregory the Great hid in a cave to escape being elected. His hiding place was revealed to the cardinals by a miraculous beam of light, an ancient legend tells us. Sixtus V, a man of iron energy, is said to have murmured on his deathbed, "I wish I had remained a dishwasher in my Franciscan monastery." When the cardinals came to fetch the Benedictine abbot, Celestine V, to take him in a splendid parade to Rome, they found him in his cell, weeping hot tears. He would follow them only after their warning that he was resisting God's will. Five months later, he resigned and retired to his solitude. Paul III declared that he was willing to trade the keys of Peter for the keys of a doorman in a monastery. When, in 1922, Achille Ratti was elected Pope on the 14th ballot, the cardinal-primate of Hungary said, "We have dragged Ratti through the 14 Stations of the Cross; now that he has arrived on Golgotha, we leave him alone."

Every cardinal knows only too well what it means to be Pope in modern times. The one elected accepts the Papacy only because he wants to fulfill God's will.

During the early days in Rome, the new bishop was appointed by neighboring bishops acting with the clergy and the faithful. The Lateran council decreed, in 1059, that only the cardinal-bishops should be the actual electors. The second general Council of the Lateran, in 1139, extended the vote to all cardinals. In 1179 the third council ruled that a two-thirds majority was required for a valid election. In 1945, Pius XII decreed that a two-thirds majority plus one vote must be reached.

It often took quite a while before a candidate received the required majority. After the death of Clement IV in 1268, the Papacy remained vacant for three years. From all sides, petitions were sent to the 17 cardinals meeting at Viterbo to speed up the election. When nothing availed, the citizens of Viterbo walled up the gates and the windows of the papal palace in which

\**Angelic Shepherd*. Copyright, 1950, by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., New York City.

the cardinals held their sessions. Two cardinals died in this "prison," and still the remaining 15 could not agree. So the Viterbians told the electors that they would get nothing to eat but bread and water. They added that if this did not bring results, they would tear the roof off the palace. The drastic threats were effective. The cardinals elected Gregory X, who issued a decree in 1274 to speed up the election of the Pope. The decree was that the voting cardinals should be shut off from the outer world. The system is known as a conclave—that is, *cum clavi*, "closed with a key."

After a Pope dies, the cardinals who are in Rome must wait 15 full days for the arrival of those who are elsewhere. Formerly, ten days were thought enough, but when the American cardinals could not arrive in time for the conclave after the death of Benedict XV, they protested.

Pius XI, therefore, decreed that the conclave should not begin until 15 full days after the death of the Pope. He authorized the Sacred College to wait even longer, if necessary, though not more than 18 days. After Pius XI's death, Feb. 10, 1939, use was made of his authorization. The opening of the conclave that elected the present Pope was set for the evening of March 1.

While Rome and the rest of the world wondered who the new Pope would be, the cardinal cam-

erlengo prepared for the conclave. Some 300 workmen changed the Vatican into "a convent with strict enclosure." The space used for the conclave was in the section overlooking the Square of St. Damasus. There the big halls were cut into small rooms. Three or four were given by lot to each cardinal as a little apartment for himself, a conclavist, and a servant. (Cardinal Pacelli was allotted apartment number 13.) All exits were walled up; the large windows of the upper floors were painted with white-wash, and the common dining room was fitted up in the Borgia apartments.

The staircase leading from the Bronze gate to the Square of St. Damasus was also walled up. In this wall were a couple of openings where several prelates and the marshal of the conclave, Prince Chigi, were to mount guard. As of old, the Sistine chapel was to be the polling place.

Sixty-two seats, each with a canopy of dark purple, were set up for the cardinals along the walls in the sanctuary. Before each place was set a small desk equipped with paper, pen, sealing wax, a candle, and matches. In the center of the chapel, large tables covered with green cloth served for the balloting and the tellers.

In front of the papal altar a special altar was erected. It was hung with a tapestry, the *Descent of the Holy Ghost Upon the Apostles*. Be-



fore this altar, each cardinal, every time he cast his ballot, would affirm, "I call to witness Christ our Lord, who one day will judge me, that I am choosing him whom I think ought to be chosen, according to God."

On March 1, everything was ready for the conclave. Around 4 P.M., the cardinals, with their conclavists, met in the Pauline chapel. While the choir sang the *Veni Creator*, they marched in procession to the Sistine chapel. There, part of the Constitution of Pius X was read, the cardinals renewed their oath, and the governor and the marshal of the conclave, together with the prelates who were to guard the windows, swore loyalty and absolute secrecy.

As the procession passed by, many eyes fastened on the lean, ascetic figure of Eugenio Pacelli. Many prelates pointed to him and whispered, "That is the new Pope." The maid of one of his nephews was of another opinion. She told a friend, "He is a holy man, but his family hopes he will not be chosen because of his frail health."

At the exit of the Sistine chapel a member of the Noble Guards waited for each of the cardinals and accompanied him to his apartment. But four cardinals—the camerlengo, the senior cardinal-bishop, the senior cardinal-priest, and the senior deacon had one final task before retiring. With the governor and the marshal of the conclave, they tour-

ed through the entire conclave area to examine the enclosure and search for intruders. They also saw to it that all telephone connections with the outside were broken off.

They found everything in order. The bell in St. Damasus square rang out. Everywhere, in the squares, the corridors, and the halls, were heard the voices of the masters of ceremony as they summoned unqualified persons to leave: "*Extra omnes!*" (Everybody out!) At 7:17 P.M., the massive door to the conclave area was locked by Camerlengo Pacelli on the inside and by Marshal Chigi on the outside. Over the Bronze gate was hoisted the banner of the House of Chigi.

Closed away from a world which waited in anxious suspense, the conclave had begun. Thursday, March 2, 1939, at 9 A.M., the electors of the Holy Roman Church went to the Sistine chapel. The youngest cardinal-deacon bolted the door, and the electors were alone.

At this election the old system of balloting was still in use. The voting papers were the shape and size of a post card. Each cardinal wrote his own name at the top of the paper, folded the upper part and sealed it with sealing wax; at the bottom he wrote a motto, folded that part and sealed it; and in the center he put the name of the cardinal he considered best fitted to become Pope. The votes were counted and, once the result of each ballot was known, burned—still



sealed. The seal that hid a voter's name was broken in only one case: if a cardinal received exactly a two-thirds majority, it had to be ascertained that he had not voted for himself—a vote forbidden by law. In that case he was asked to identify his own ballot. He could do that by his motto, known only to himself.

To avoid this rather unpleasant control, Pius XII decreed that henceforth a two-thirds majority plus one would be required. By this decree, a two-thirds majority will be assured even though the candidate votes for himself. In the future, only the name of the candidate will need to be written.

When the cardinals had finished making out and sealing their ballot papers, they went one by one, according to their rank, up to the altar. There, each one, in his turn, knelt down, and called upon Christ to witness that he was voting for the one whom before God he deemed most worthy of election. He then put the written vote on a paten and let it slide into a large chalice. After the votes of two sick cardinals had also been collected, the chalice was transferred to the large table in the center of the chapel. The ballot papers were shuffled, counted, and examined by the three tellers, before the last teller read them aloud. Then they were checked again for possible mistakes.

The first balloting had no result. The 42 votes needed out of 62 had

not been given to any cardinal. The second balloting was no more conclusive. Now the sacristan and master of ceremonies were called in to assist at the burning of the ballots.

A crowd was gathering in St. Peter's square. By noon, three hours after the cardinals had entered the chapel, 25,000 spectators were present: seminarians in cassocks of every type, schoolboys, tourists, professional and amateur photographers, and many others. They were watching a little stovepipe on the roof of the Sistine chapel. All were waiting for the famous smoke, the *fumata*.

At exactly 12:18 P.M. a little cloud of smoke appeared. It was white! The lively Italians and the foreigners, who on such occasions are equally excitable, were surprised that the Pope had already been elected. Then the smoke darkened until finally it was pitch black. The spectators went home. Black smoke meant that the ballots had been burned with wet wood fiber because no one had been elected.

At four o'clock, the bell in St. Damasus Square called the cardinals to the Sistine chapel for the third ballot. Everyone seemed to expect a final result.

The conclavists had noticed that, after the double ballot in the morning, Cardinal Pacelli returned to his room very much disconcerted. During dinner, he stared straight in front of him and ate almost noth-

ing. After dinner, as he walked in St. Damasus square while saying his Office, his face revealed deep emotion. Totally absorbed in thought, he overlooked the few steps at the entrance of the Hall of the Dukes, tripped and fell. The conclavists had also noticed that some cardinals began right after dinner to pack their belongings as if they intended to leave that night. And the guards observed that food ordered for supper was returned, that the afternoon inspection was ordered off, and that the picket who was to go around was sent away. Within the conclave people whispered that Cardinal Pacelli was, in fact, already elected.

The Italian papers later wrote that Pacelli had received 28 votes at the first balloting, 35 at the second, and 60 at the third; the foreign press circulated the story that he had received 35, 40, and 61 votes, and had, out of respect, given his own vote to the dean of the cardinals. The second story would seem more probable, but both are imaginary. The rigorous secrecy imposed on the cardinals keeps any but themselves from knowing the real count.

Whatever the ratio of votes may have been in the morning ballots, Pacelli received at least two-thirds of them in the afternoon ballot. The dean of the cardinals, the senior cardinal-priest, O'Connell, and the senior cardinal-deacon, Caccia Dominioni, asked him in the name

of the Sacred College: "Do you accept your lawful election as Bishop of Rome?"

After a moment of hesitation, Eugenio Pacelli assented softly, "Si." He would not resist the will of God which had been so clearly shown in the short conclave, but he earnestly commended himself to the prayers of his confreres.

The dean asked: "What name do you want to bear?"

Pacelli answered, "My name will be Pius, because most of my life has been passed during the pontificate of a Pope of that name, and especially because of my grateful memory of Pius XI, who always showed me such extraordinary affection."

Pius XII then went to the sacristy of the Sistine chapel and dressed himself in the longest of the three white cassocks which had been laid out there. He donned a rochet, threw a red stole and a little red mantle around his shoulders, and returned to the chapel. His slender, hieratic figure in the white cassock gave a stronger impression than ever of one born to be Pope. Then the 261st Vicar of Christ on earth took his place on the *sedes gestatoria*, which had been placed on the platform before the altar. Each cardinal in turn knelt before him and kissed the foot and hand of one who had been his equal just a few moments earlier. During this ceremony, the Pope was heard to murmur constantly: "*Miserere mei, Deus!*" ("Have pity on me, O God!").

*He lives on discarded dollar bills*

# Streetcomber of New York

By ROBERT JOHN BAYER

Condensed from *America*\*

**I**t was a clear autumn night, and the red and green lights in the subway station below Times Square were confusing. I decided to climb to the street, and walk across town to the Commodore. When I came up into the noise and the lights, near midnight, I was confused. I knew I was on 42nd St., but I wasn't sure whether I stood on the north or the south sidewalk. The corner of the avenue was only a few steps to my right. I turned in that direction.

The man was so near to me that I almost bumped him when he stooped over to pull a fragment of dusty paper out of the drifted debris that banked the news kiosk. I swung to his left as he straightened up, and we stood side by side at the curb. He smoothed the fragment into a recognizable dollar bill and casually shoved it into his pants pocket. He was very young. His tan tweed sports jacket and open-neck shirt were

not immaculate, but there was nothing of the vagabond about him.

"They're careless with their money in this town, aren't they?" I remarked.

"They lose; I find it." He was laconic.

"Am I headed east, toward the Commodore?" I asked.

"What's that—the Commodore?"

"A hotel. You know, right next to Grand Central station."

He pointed a finger southward along 7th Ave. "The railroad station's down that way."

"That," I corrected, "is the Pennsylvania. I want the Grand Central."

"Are there two stations?" he inquired.

An onlooker volunteered the information that I faced east and that, were I to continue in that direction for three or four blocks, I'd get to Grand Central and the Commodore.

"I want some spaghetti," said the boy. "I'll go along with you."



By the time we got to Lexington Ave., my companion was lost in wonderment at the fact that we had not spotted a single "spaghetti joint." I left him at the corner, suggesting that, perhaps, there was a better chance of finding one on Lexington than on midtown 42nd St. We parted.

That was the length of our acquaintance—in time and in distance. But I can't forget him. I never shall. In a little more than five blocks, here are the things I found out about him.

He was 20 years old. He had left school at 16, still in his freshman high-school year, apparently not a very intelligent student. He had been born and still lived in a flat at 9th Ave. and 50th St., but he didn't know where the Grand Central station was, until, near the end of our walk, I pointed to it across the street.

He had never held a job. For four years he had made his living looking for money on the sidewalk and finding it.

Did he have good and bad days? Well, he told me, there were days when he "didn't pick up a dime." Other days yielded only \$1 or \$2. A good day was one in which he discovered and appropriated 15 lost dollars. And there had been one golden evening when he picked up a wallet containing, among other things, \$47 in currency.

"Was the owner's card in it?"

"Sure."

"Did you try to return his wallet to him?"

"No. Why should I? If I'd lost it do you suppose the finder would bring it back to me? If I'd let it lay, would the fellow who found it have given it back? Finders keepers, that's what I say."

But that was the least amazing part of his story. He asked me where I hailed from. I told him, Chicago. He said he'd thought about "saving up" and going out there some day. "They say they give you bigger territory there."

Territory? What did he mean, "territory"?

What he meant was that, here in New York, his territory covered only four square blocks—east and west from 7th to 9th, and north and south from 42nd to 40th. Yes, the territory was restricted. He'd paid \$40 for it, four years ago. He had to turn over to the boss 10% of his findings every Monday afternoon.

How did the boss know that he wasn't holding out? Why, the boys were honest about it. They didn't want to get shoved off the beat, and one of the boss's men might have been looking when a ten-spot was picked up.

But what would happen if I found a ten-spot? That was all right, of course, but if a guy should start "making" the territory regularly, he had only to tell the boss. One of the boss's men would tell the guy to cut it out.

The boss was pretty good. Besides giving you four good blocks for \$40, he gave you a couple of lessons in finding money. You learned that in New York everybody looked up or straight ahead; nobody looked down. The trick was to keep looking down with one eye while watching with the other against being shouldered or bumped.

Then, too, you had to learn to recognize a crumpled, dirty bill in all sorts of refuse; and you had to learn to pick it up and get it into your pocket without attracting too much attention. The boss was good at teaching those things.

I don't know what I intended when I started to relate this incident. I don't even quite know what I should have learned from it. All I know is that the boy in the tan

tweed jacket kept intruding on my thoughts while I was saying my night prayers, and as I lay waiting for sleep. Twenty years at 9th and 50th without knowing there was such a place as Grand Central! No idea of any way to make a living except to look for money in the streets, and no idea ever of seeking any other way to make a living. A strange moral sense that made it right to keep a man's wallet, but wrong to "hold out" on a boss who, somehow, enjoyed the right to parcel out to boys such as this the streets of a big city for money-hunting. A daily round of four square blocks, and around again and again, with nothing at the end but the haven of a spaghetti joint.

Maybe all our lost souls aren't vicious, and maybe all of them are not so far away.

### *Dayton's Missing Witness*

**A** LITTLE over a generation ago, a schoolteacher named Scopes went on trial for teaching the children of his Dayton, Tenn., classroom that the world was created by a process of evolution.

A scientific book now appears bearing the approval of Dr. Albert Einstein, the world's greatest physicist, which would have rocked the defense of Scopes far more seriously than his lawyer, Clarence Darrow, rocked Tennessee Fundamentalists by his strategy in the trial.

"The unvarying rate at which uranium expands its nuclear energies and the absence of any natural process leading to its formation indicate that all the uranium on earth must have come into existence at one specific time," said Lincoln Barnett in *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*. (William Sloan Associates, N. Y., 1949, \$2.75).

*Spark* (15 May '50).



*What kind of a world is it? Maybe you can learn something about it from the story of Ellen*

## The Day Our Child Was Lost

By SIMON KENT

Condensed from *This Week* magazine\*

**E** LLEN is lost. Ellen is lost." The words kept ringing in my ears as my cab fought its way to uptown New York. I had returned to my office from lunch, to be told by a tearful secretary that my wife had called four times. Our little girl, age three, was lost. I didn't wait to hear any more.

During the cab ride, I did little thinking; it was like those times during the war when I was in a plane over enemy territory. I held my thoughts in abeyance; the only thing that mattered was to get to where I was going, and it was better not to think. I only knew that Ellen was lost.

When I got home, my wife told me what had happened. It was only much later that I was able to admire her comparative calm. She explained how she had been out shopping while the child wandered around the store. For two or three minutes, certainly no longer, her back had been turned. During that

time our child had walked to the store entrance, stepped out into the street, and vanished.



When my wife realized that Ellen was gone, she dashed out of the store and ran up and down the street. The storekeeper and his two assistants joined her; so did some bystanders; so did the policeman on the beat. That was an hour and a half ago, and still there was no word.

Anyone who has been through this experience, or some variation of it, will understand the agony my wife and I endured. My own first reaction was purely selfish; my child was lost and my wife was to blame. Before I realized it, I drove her to the tears that her own good sense had so far averted. I asked endless, repetitive questions. Had she informed the police? Had she done this and had she done that? Over and over again, I wanted to know how it could have happened.

This was cruel and somewhat hysterical on my part, and my own



thoughts ran somewhat in this fashion. My child was kidnaped, and my mind kept recalling the gruesome details of kidnappings I had read about. My child lay on the street somewhere, her body crushed by the wheels of a truck. My child was being tortured and mistreated. And as the least evil, our little girl was wandering somewhere, alone, terrified, beyond help.

Presently I returned to partial sanity and begged my wife to forget what I had said. I decided that any action was better than doing nothing, and proceeded with a fairly senseless piece of action. My wife and I went outside; we hailed two taxis and began to cruise up and down the streets. We found no trace of Ellen. An hour later we met at the apartment. There we spent 20 or 30 more agonizing minutes, until the telephone rang.

I remember very well my wife's face as I picked up the receiver and spoke a series of more or less senseless responses. Then I replaced the receiver, turned, and said, "They have her at the police station."

Ten minutes later, my wife was holding a very dirty but not terribly unhappy girl in her arms, and I was trying to thank a bored, unresponsive desk sergeant.

"It happens every hour," he said, "and they always turn up."

Then and there, I began to do some thinking. I told myself that I had lost my head, that I had become panic-stricken. But the fact re-

mained that my outlook toward the world was the outlook of a civilized man toward an unexplored jungle. If that were so, what hope was there for any of us? That became, suddenly, a very important question and one that I had to answer.

Starting with the desk sergeant and the name and address of the person who had brought Ellen to the station, I managed to retrace the path of my daughter during the few hours she had been lost.

It began very simply. Ellen walked out of the grocery store on a hot, sunny day, walked a few yards along the street, and then answered the invitation of a cool and inviting open cellar. Two plumbers, at work on a basement job, were having their lunch when she arrived. Since she appeared to be hungry, they shared their lunch with her. When they went back to work, she watched them for a while, then lost interest and wandered off. It never occurred to them that she was lost. She seemed to be completely at ease.

When Ellen came out of the cellar, she decided to cross the avenue. By now, the immediate hue and cry had passed away, and an obliging old woman took her hand to lead her across. I got the story from a teen-aged delivery boy.

It was Ellen's first venture into the world, and she found it a place where a little child was valued and understood, at least by most people.

She wandered on down a side street and began to play with a group of children. None of them were more than a few years older than Ellen, yet they were sensible enough to realize that the little girl was lost.

When the children asked her where she lived, she said, for some obscure reason, 79th St. A garbage truck was passing at the time making its collections, and with a full sense of responsibility the children informed the Sanitation-department men that the little girl was lost. The men took her with them.

I spoke with the truck driver, and among other things, he said to me, "If there's one thing in the world I don't get sore at, it's a kid." This was a small revelation. I had never said as much as that to myself, and certainly I had never considered that a very general feeling.

For an hour, Ellen sat in the cab of the huge sanitation truck and made the rounds with the men. In that hour she consumed an ice-cream cone and a bottle of orange drink.

Finally, faced with the problem of a full truck, the sanitation men passed her on to a gas-company inspector. Ellen read three meters with him before he deposited her at the local police station.

Such were the adventures of

Ellen Kent, age three, who was lost in not the worst of all possible worlds. Through many evenings thereafter my wife and I debated the particular circumstances which served to change Ellen's outlook into ours; for the substance of our fear was not that Ellen had been lost, but the quality of the world in which she was lost.

I think we learned something important from Ellen, and perhaps we have learned enough to keep her outlook from becoming as hard and mistrusting as our own.

In all truth, Ellen was never lost. Quite rightly, she depended upon a world where people offered love freely to a small child, and in this dependency she was at least more correct than we had been.

Rather, her mother, and particularly her father, were lost, and that act of becoming lost had happened a long while ago.

It may be that Ellen will help them to find their way back. It is also our hope that certain other people may begin to return to a world of kindness and understanding through the simple adventures of Ellen. Such a thing would be in the way of a small miracle, yet miracles are common enough, as a certain Man knew who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

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IF this world is civilized it won't have the war which, they say, will destroy "civilization."

Boston Daily Globe (3 July '50).

# Xavier Encounters the Japanese

By THEODORE MAYNARD

Condensed from a book\*

**B**RIGHT SKIES beamed upon the land-locked harbor of Kagoshima, at the tip of the most southern island of Japan. It was Aug. 15, 1549. Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary, was yet to see the flowers of the Japanese spring. The little camphor leaves come out while the air is still cold; then, late in February, the first of the blossoms, those of the plum tree, which become in March a cloud of bloom; these are followed in April by the cherry blossoms, with a little later the glowing tree peonies, the azaleas, and the rhododendrons. With the first flowers, everybody, rich and poor alike, goes out to look at the pink-and-white petals of the plum, and to the branches of the trees poets attach their *hokku*. But though the thrill of them had gone

before the summer burned to its close, flowers were in every garden, on the hills in clusters, by the waterfalls, and clothing the feet of the mountains. Wistaria was hanging over the pools and the carp ponds, in blue festoons sometimes seven feet long. The fields were full of irises. And it was the month of the flower sacred to Buddha, the lotus, which at dawn uncloses with a sound like a pistol shot. The thin maple leaves were already tinged with scarlet. The magnolia trees spread their dark glossy green and their large waxen flowers. The chrysanthemums were still to come.

It was a country worthy of so noble a people. Of all the races among whom Francis worked, the Japanese were especially dear. They were brave, honest, truthful; the



\*The Odyssey of St. Francis Xavier, Copyright, 1936, and reprinted, 1950, by Longmans, Green and Co., New York City. 364 pp. \$3.

only hard words he ever has to say of them concern their pagan priests. He came expecting to find much to admire; but here was an enchanted land, of paper houses and of flowers, of gilded swords and untarnished honor, of exquisite politeness and art.

Francis noted with approval that the Japanese were curious about everything. Day by day his opinion of them mounted higher. But he knew as yet nothing of Japan except Kagoshima.

The first thing, therefore, was to learn the language. Writing on Jan. 29, 1552, to the Jesuits at Rome after he had left Japan, he tells them that the language is not difficult. This was the opinion of a man who never knew Japanese well. The vocabulary, grammar, and pronunciation are, indeed, simple enough when compared with some other oriental languages. But the language demands from the European a completely new system of thought. The Japanese have certain rules of social elegance which vary with the persons. It is necessary to change the nouns and verbs according to the rank of the speaker; and men and women have each a different mode. Mistakes constantly made the preaching of the Jesuits ridiculous.

Francis had arrived in Japan planning to go directly to the capital to see the king. Then he would approach the famous Japanese universities. Backed by the royal favor,

and assisted by the converts he expected to make among the learned, it would be easy for him to convert the people.

The trouble was that he knew little about the country. Such few Portuguese traders as had visited Japan had never gone inland, except one ship's company that had visited the mikado in Kyoto in 1543. Francis thought the mikado would be like one of the monarchs of 16th-century Europe, and that schools attached to the Buddhist monasteries would be similar to the universities of Paris or Bologna.

There were really no such things as universities in the European sense. The monastery schools taught the Chinese and Japanese scripts, a little liturgy, some law, medicine and astronomy, but had no definite faculty and gave no degrees. The standard of intelligence was high; and literacy was fairly general. But learning, as Francis understood the term, hardly existed.

Then, too, the mikado, though of a line that boasted an unbroken descent and divine origin, had at this time only nominal power. Even the shogun, the commander-in-chief of the army, whose authority had been regarded as superior to that of the mikado, had temporarily lost control. His office was held, at the time Francis landed, by a boy of 15. The actual power was in the hands of the daimios; but their territories varied a great deal in extent, and they were continually at war among

themselves. Some corresponded to dukes, others were hardly more than squires. But all of them maintained bands of soldiers known as Samurai.

Francis always first approached the nobles. His idea was to get their permission to preach among their subjects. Mistaken as he was about many of the political details of Japanese life, he saw at once that he had come among a race superior to any that he had encountered in India or the Spice Islands. Since most of the people could read, he planned very soon after landing to print an exposition of the Christian faith.

He was anxious to unearth a real scholar among the Buddhist monks upon whom he could try his wits. With one of these, Ninjitsu, the abbot of the Shinshu monastery, Francis struck up a friendship. The Shinshu sect, according to Père Brou, professed a radical Buddhism, atheistic and materialistic. They acknowledged no Creator, and no reward nor punishment after death. Nirvana was for them a complete annihilation. Their prime axiom was *There is nothing*, a convenient way of stifling all remorse of conscience.

Once Francis asked Ninjitsu which was the best age in life, and got the answer, "Youth, because then a man may do what he wishes to do." Francis followed this with another question, "Tell me, which hour does a sailor prefer, that in

which he is in mid-ocean, or that in which he is in sight of his haven?" Old Ninjitsu sighed, and said, "I understand what it is you wish to say. But it is all nothing to me, for I do not know to what haven my ship is sailing."

Francis landed in Japan with a good idea about the character of its people. A wider acquaintance with them confirmed what he thought. He noted their habit of asking questions. He drew the sound conclusion that all this would help his missionaries. Their politeness was admirable, though he soon found that it was not always extended to foreigners. The opinion he expressed in his letter written on Nov. 5, 1549, to the Fathers at Goa, "This is a people to be won by love and reason," was never changed.

In the same letter he says that the Japanese, of all heathen races, have the greatest amount of natural goodness. They are industrious, honest, kindly, and they place honor above everything else.

Though the majority of them are poor, he writes, poverty is not held any disgrace. The nobles, however poor they may be, are as much respected as those that are rich, and no noble, however poor, would marry beneath his rank. Everybody carries a sword and dagger, and an insult is never tolerated. Even at night they have weapons within reach. Excelling in archery, they usually fight on foot, though the country is well stocked with horses.



Their valor as soldiers is as conspicuous as their loyalty to their lords. "In short," as Francis wrote later to Ignatius (Jan. 29, 1552), "this Japanese nation is the only one which seems to me likely to maintain unshaken the Christian faith if it once embraces it. But this will not be without heroic suffering on the part of the preachers of the Gospel."

He was correct. Early in the 17th century, the most furious and persistent persecution that any Christian people has ever been called upon to endure broke out in Japan. Large numbers of the native Christians did indeed apostatize; but hundreds suffered martyrdom by crucifixion or burning, and thousands managed to preserve their faith secretly. For 250 years the native Christians, deprived of priests and all the sacraments except Baptism, held on, faithful to the religion preached to them by the Jesuits. When at last the persecution was lifted, and they were free to declare themselves, many thousands did so. Authorities supposed they had in certain places stamped out the last vestiges of Christianity but the converts had passed it on underground from generation to generation.

It was to carry out his carefully drawn plan for conversion of this people that Francis set out for Kyoto. He was accompanied by Torres and Fernandez, Amador the Tamil, Emmanuel the Chinese, and Ber-

nard the Japanese. They would interview the mikado, would find the intellectual center of the country, the great universities.

As soon as Francis was inside Kyoto his exultation changed to wonder, and from wonder to dismay. Devastation was everywhere. Many fine buildings were falling to pieces from neglect, others were mere sticks of charred wood. Even some of the pagodas had been burned in a recent sack of the city. The encircling wall, as Francis noted in his letter written from Yamaguchi to Goa in July, 1551, was very great in circumference, indicating that it had once enclosed a vast number of houses—Francis estimated 180,000. But the number had dwindled to about half, and of those still standing many were dilapidated.

The depressing appearance of the city was bad enough; a worse shock was to come. The sprawling palace grounds of the mikado, son of heaven, lord of the 66 kingdoms of Japan, occupied almost a quarter of the city. The palace was a vision of magnificent squalor. Children invaded the royal gardens, or made mud pies in the rutty road outside. Most of the armed attendants had deserted, and the concubines of the Emperor Go-Nara wandered in faded brocade kimonos along the weed-grown avenues, or haggled with food peddlers at gaps in the wall.

In the gold-paneled palace apart-



ments, some pretense was made of keeping up the ceremony due a semi-divine royalty. Some of the most pious of his subjects would now and then purchase a bottle of the water in which his sacred majesty had bathed, or (at a slightly higher price) one of the texts or musical scores certified to be in the imperial holograph. But the mikado had become hardly more than a useful fiction. He was tolerated merely because none of the nobles thought his office worth snatching. His person remained safe in the contemptuous reverence with which it was regarded.

With no shogun capable of imposing order upon a turbulent and greedy horde of daimios, the sublime office had degenerated. Within their own domains the barons ruled with an iron hand, except in so far as they were mildly checked by a venal priesthood; the central government was in a state of complete collapse.

The two Jesuits with their three companions ventured down the deserted avenues of tall dark cryptomerias, past pools where cherry trees stood bare in the wintry wind. At the gate of the palace, they were brusquely stopped. Bernard explained to the guard that these were visitors from foreign lands and that they would like to have an interview with the mikado. The man looked at the forlorn figures, and disdained to reply. When pressed for an answer, he sneered, "Where

are your presents?" They had none, and were turned away.

After 11 days of useless attempts to get a hearing in Kyoto, Francis decided that his venture had better be given up for the time being. Yamaguchi seemed to be the stronghold they should first reduce. Towards the end of February, the missionaries set off in a boat down the Yodo river.

Francis decided to appear in garments appropriate to those who carried documents showing they were the ambassadors of the king of Portugal; and they would bring presents. Immediately upon arrival at Yamaguchi, Francis sent some of them to the daimio. They were cleverly selected. An arquebus would interest a military race; three crystal vases, a bale of stiff brocade, a Portuguese dress, and a musical instrument with a range of 70 notes, called a manicordia, would appeal either to their artistic instincts or their curiosity. Some mirrors for the Japanese ladies were included, and a pair of spectacles which most amazingly enabled an old man to regain the keen eyesight of his youth. But the thing that excited the greatest pleasure was a chiming clock. With immense satisfaction the Japanese noted that it struck exactly 12 times during the day, and 12 times during the night. The daimio was so delighted that he sent in return a large sum of money to his European visitors.

Francis promptly returned the

gift. What he wanted was permission to preach and baptize without being molested. He got it. Yoshitaka did even more: he put a deserted monastery at their disposal, and this served as both church and dwelling.

The terms of the daimio's proclamation are curious. They informed the people of Yamaguchi that the bonzes from the western regions had been granted permission to found a monastery "in order to develop the law of Buddha." The noble was apparently rather vague as to the precise nature of the Christian teaching.

To this monastery, as Francis wrote in his letter dated Jan. 29, 1552, from Cochin to the Society at Rome, many of the Buddhist monks and nuns, as well as laymen of the better classes, used to go for the sake of hearing about the new religion. In fact, the crowds were so great that sometimes all who wished to be present could not be accommodated. There was an eager give and take of questions and answers.

Francis soon observed that those who showed themselves at first the most strenuous opponents of the Christian faith were as a rule the ones most likely to be in the end persuaded of its truth. There were no mass conversions. Converts arrived slowly, one by one, but they arrived, and they persevered. Upon conversion, the native politeness of the higher grades of the Japanese

was transformed into an exquisitely tender kindness.

From the converts made from such circles Francis was able to gather more information about the religious tenets of the people. He learned, for instance, that there were nine sects among them, some fairly close to Christianity at special points, others far removed. All, however, were drastically unlike Christianity in possessing an esoteric doctrine for initiates, and another for general consumption.

Upon the basis of this information, Francis and Fernandez were able to carry the war into the enemy's territory, attacking the falsity of Buddhism rather than defending the truth of Christianity. Their success in exploding the tenets of the bonzes enormously delighted the converts, and had the effect of making more converts. Naturally, it aroused antagonism among many of those who were publicly put to shame in those debates.

More and more Francis came to see that Japan needed missionaries of an intellectual stamp. Neither of the men with him was fit for this work of disputation. Torres had received only the education of a secular priest, which was not in those times very thorough. And Fernandez had no theological training.

Suddenly, Francis got the preacher he needed. Fernandez was addressing a rowdy crowd in the street, when a boorish fellow came up to him as though to ask a ques-

tion. As Fernandez bent down to listen, the man spat in his face. Instead of showing any anger at the outrageous insult, the Brother quietly went on with his sermon, probably the most successful one he ever preached. The jeering mob was dumbfounded and ashamed. From that moment, a tide of converts from the lower classes began to flow in.

Among them was the one who was a gift from heaven. Afterwards celebrated in the religious history of Japan, and the first native of that country to become a Jesuit, he struck those who saw him as ugly and odd. He was almost totally blind, and earned his living as a clown who was all the funnier for seeming slightly crazed. His uncouth manner was assumed for trade purposes; actually he had a very agile mind.

He probably went to hear the missionaries only because he hoped they would provide him with good "copy." He felt sure he could mimic them before future audiences.

Very soon he became interested for a different reason. His quick intelligence, power of remembering exactly, and of drawing inferences, brought him back day after day with a new set of pertinent questions. At first the crowd took them to be part of his clowning. Francis and Fernandez saw from the start how keen was his logic. Yet it was not solely a matter of logic. He was touched by the love and kindness

so evident in Francis and Fernandez, the shining of the grace of God in them. He was amazed that they had come so great a distance through so many dangers to preach their religion. Before long he was asking for Baptism.

Then he began to use his gifts in the service of Christ. Nobody knew better than he how to manage a Japanese crowd, and he was not less successful with the priests and nobility, for wit, to a great extent, compensated for his lack of formal education. Thousands were converted by his preaching, and Kyoto, where Francis himself had failed, was first opened to the Gospel by Lawrence, the blind ballad singer.

The summer burned away in splendor in the gardens and on the encircling hills of Yamaguchi with their forests of maples, oaks, and chestnuts. In mid-July came the feast of Lanterns, the Japanese All Souls' day. Then, with candles alight, and with offerings for food and sake, the spirits of the dead are welcomed home again. This had been the most fruitful period of the work in Japan.

At the end of six months at Yamaguchi, Francis had gathered a Christian community of 500. He had determined, however, that at the first opportunity he would return to India, where he wanted to find new recruits for the missions. Then, too, he had to see how matters were progressing at the college at Goa and on the Fishery Coast.

But most of all was the new idea always stirring at the back of his mind, China.

When Francis found out that a Portuguese vessel was in the harbor of Hihi, on the northwest shore of Kyushu in the province of Bungo, he decided to leave. Cosmo de Torres was summoned to Yamaguchi from Hirado to work with

Fernandez. "These are your guardians," Francis told his Japanese converts; "but remember to put your trust in God." Then the 500 knelt down, and Francis prayed for them all. When he held Torres and Fernandez in a farewell embrace, the tears were streaming down his face. He was saying good-by to his darlings, the Japanese Christians.



### *This Struck Me*

FOR 27 years, Paul Claudel, the French poet and dramatist, tried to convince Andre Gide that there is only one truth and that it is to be found in the body of Catholic teaching. Up to a point they thought together. Claudel would rejoice in Gide's agreement that "eternal life is not for some future time," that "it is beginning now, this very moment," that "the kingdom of God is within us." Claudel was bitterly disappointed when Gide finally rejected what seemed the only step consistent with his previous writings. The letters have now been published in the original French.\* Mary Ryan has reviewed the letters, in *Blackfriars* (Oct., 1950). She focuses in a few words the brilliant insight and poetic vision of Claudel. There is no better statement of a Catholic's attitude toward life and the hereafter.

The word *anti-musical* is like a key word in Claudel's view of life. He sees the world as a divinely concerted, complex harmony, in which each man has to play in tune—to follow and at need to improvise his part, a much harder and nobler thing than to be a superman. "There is something finer and rarer than a superman," Claudel said in his address to the Academy. "That is a just man, a man in tune (*juste*) as a note is in tune, one of those men praised by Holy Writ because not only they do not mar the music, but by their appearance on every line of the stave to which one after the other they were called by providence, they bring plenitude, create concord." Evil does, as far as is humanly possible, spoil the music.

\**Paul Claudel et Andre Gide Correspondence 1899-1926. Paris. Gallimard.*

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

*Right now factory machines are being made in women's sizes*

# War Plan for Drafting Women

By WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*\*

**Y**ou can be sure, if you are a healthy American woman between 16 and 52, that your government is planning a war role for you. Within the next two years, you are likely to be asked to contribute service to the war-and-preparedness program; and if all-out war comes, you will be forced either to enter the armed services or to work at an essential job.

In the mobilization plans now being drawn by the war agencies, American woman power is being carefully assayed. The planners are turning to our women not out of choice but out of a necessity dictated by three somber realities:

1. In any climactic clash between Russia and the U.S., we and our allies will be heavily outnumbered. Our men will not be enough.

2. The communist system uses all healthy women, even in peacetime. In war, communist woman power will be thrown ruthlessly

into the balance against us: communist women will even man guns; our women will have to match them in skill and devotion.



3. The days when men marched off to war while women tended the home fires are, unhappily, gone. A 3rd world war will be a death grapple between entire populations; bombs will threaten every home; anything less than the use of our every human resource will not be

enough to meet the enemy attack.

Our planners, moreover, are turning to our women because of their record in the 2nd World War. In the armed services, 275,000 women proved their worth. They won approval, not simply as pinch hitters for men, but as "regulars" who could be depended upon in their own assignments. They have been incorporated as regulars-in-their-own-right in the U.S. Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, chairman



of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has declared, "America's women are an essential part of the team for national security. Their uniformed services are now an integral part of the defense of the nation, both in peace and in war."

In industry, 3 million women proved they could fill 80% of our production jobs as capably as men. A woman electrician learns as fast and performs as efficiently as a man. In many jobs requiring dexterity in repetitive operations, women are better than men. Many of them have continued to work, and can be counted on.

At the pinnacle of our effort during the 2nd World War, 20,430,000 American women worked outside their homes. This amounted to 39.2% of the female population over 14 years of age. At the beginning of the war in Korea, 18,472,000 were employed outside the home, or 32.8% of the over-14 population. Of that number, 21,900 women were on active duty in the armed services, and another 30,900 were in the organized reserves.

By act of Congress in 1947, the ratio of women in the peacetime services was fixed at "not more than 2%" of all the authorized strength of the Army, Navy and Air Force. This restriction is likely to be lifted, but even if it isn't, the full complement of 60,000 women will be needed in a 3-million-man armed force.

It is believed that a million addi-

tional women will have to take jobs in the services, in government, or in industry. That would make a total of 35% of our women working outside their homes. This is regarded as the minimum for the foreseeable future.

The gravest immediate need is for women doctors, nurses, dietitians, and therapists. During the 2nd World War, 75,000 nurses were in service uniforms, but there were never enough. The civilian-nurse shortage was desperate, and Congress considered a draft of nurses. At present, the services are calling up doctor and nurse reservists; this will aggravate the civilian shortage.

The American Nurses association has just completed a nationwide survey for the National Security Resources board. The survey shows that we have about 350,000 registered nurses, of whom 3,000 are men. The absolute minimum civilian need now is 461,226 registered nurses. By 1960, for peacetime civilian service only, we shall need 602,416 nurses. This means that today there is a shortage of 110,000 nurses. The minimum nurse mobilization right now must be around 20,000, so the civilian shortage must be at least 130,000.

Under atomic attack, civilians by the millions may be suddenly in need of expert medical attention. For us to go into an atomic war with our present medical shortage could be catastrophic.



Several measures to help relieve this shortage are either under consideration or being put into effect. The American Nurses association is advocating federal aid to nurses in training, national registration of women, and some sort of compulsory selective service. Congresswoman Frances P. Bolton, of Ohio, has introduced legislation to require the services to commission male as well as female nurses; this legislation has the support of the ANA. And the Labor department is exempting from the draft male nurses in training. Women's clubs are being urged to aid young women to enter nurses' training.

To make nursing more attractive to Negro women, discrimination has disappeared almost entirely in the services and in the civilian profession. Negro women are welcomed and encouraged.

In addition to their nurses' corps, all branches of the service now have women's medical-specialist corps, which offer commissioned, highly paid positions to doctors, dietitians, and physical and occupational therapists. The woman doctor, in particular, is being sought; at least 50 are on active duty, some aboard ship. Women doctors receive the same rank and pay as men doctors, and women medical students will receive the same federal aid as men.

Mention of any form of women's draft still causes most politicians in Washington to shudder, but two

developments can be expected. There will be a registration of women, perhaps between the ages of 18 and 35; and, if the second mobilization stage approaches, the first use of a women's draft will force perhaps as many as 150,000 young women to begin nurses' training.

The second most serious present need is for a rapid expansion of the WAC's, the WAVE's the WAF's, the women Marines, and perhaps the SPAR's. During the last war, 110,000 women served in the WAC, which included the Air Force women. They served on every continent. They are now stationed throughout the world, but on June 30, 1950, they numbered only 500 officers and 7,500 enlisted women.

The minimum age in the WAC was 21, or 20 with parent's consent. This limit has now dropped to 19, or 18 with parents' consent. Most of the recruits for both the WAC's and WAF's are now 18. The WAVE's still require a girl to be 20.

The WAF is a new organization being built by the Air Force on a core of transfers from the WAC. They are recruiting both officers and enlisted women and in any stage of mobilization, they will be about the size of the WAC and a little larger than the WAVE's. The WAVE's had 86,000 women at the peak; they were down to 470 officers and 2,700 enlisted women

in June, 1950; but they are now expanding. The women Marines are expanding from a present 1,000. The SPAR's, in which about 10,000 women served during the 2nd World War, were deactivated entirely after the war, but the Coast Guard is expected to reactivate them.

Despite the excellent record of women in the service, there is still considerable public resistance to recruiting. The generals and admirals have accepted women as regulars, but a large segment of the American public has not yet conceded the propriety of women soldiers and sailors. But as for emotional crackups, the records reveal that the women required far less psychiatric treatment than the men.

Even against this die-hard opposition, it is believed the women's service organizations can fill their present quotas with volunteers. If more are needed, a considerable publicity effort will be required: appeals to patriotism, movie actresses joining up, and wide advertising of new uniforms such as the ones Hattie Carnegie recently designed for the WAC's. If there is all-out war with Russia, the service organizations will have to be filled by a general draft of women.

No large-scale return of women to the production type of jobs in industry will be necessary for the present. More women will be needed for "women's work" jobs

in government and industry, but there are enough unemployed male welders, electricians, and riveters to take up the slack in actual production.

But to support the 6-million-man armed force needed for large-scale war, at least 2 million women will have to don overalls and head for the atomic assembly plants, aircraft factories, and shipyards. That would move the rate up to 38%. Another factor may be the adoption of universal military training for men. If adopted, it will delay the normal entry of young men into industry by a year and will have the effect of removing at least 2 million men from the American labor force. This loss will have to be made up by women, and will push the rate above 40%.

In preparation for the large-scale return of women to production jobs, the war planners are using lessons learned during the last war. It was found, for instance, that many women tired easily when operating machines designed for the average man. Women had to stand on tiptoe to reach uncomfortable distances. In designing machines for war production, the machine-tool industry is turning out many machines for the use of the average woman.

The one point on which women failed to compare favorably with men was absenteeism. This was expected, because most women had far more work to do at home than

men. And even during wars, women have to take time off to bear children. But with all these allowances, women still showed a greater tendency to be absent. The planners hope to improve this absenteeism record by providing better medical care and some sort of communal child care.

While there is likely to be a registration of women in the first stage of mobilization, followed by a nurses' draft, any general draft of women will probably be delayed until all hope for the avoidance of the all-out war has been abandoned. If that unhappy time comes, American women can expect the institution of something like the British plan during the 2nd World War. American women can anticipate these developments.

All able women between 17 and 52 will be at the disposal of the government. They will be allowed the right of appeal from Defense department directives, but if the courts sustain the directives, they will have to comply or go to jail.

The first group to be called up will be unmarried women and widows between 18 and 30. Women will be allowed to choose among military service, civil defense, or industrial work. They will get the same rights, exemptions, and pay scale as men. In Britain, women never received more than two-thirds of men's pay for doing equivalent work.

Married women will not be ex-

empted *per se*. Those who have no children will be called first; women whose children are of school age will be second; last, and certain of long deferment or exemption, will be women with children under school age. Mothers of young children of school age will be employed as close as possible to their homes, in civil defense or munitions work.

Schoolteachers who teach in the lower grades will not be called, but they will be expected to care for the children throughout the entire day; in many cases, they and the children will be moved from crowded cities into rural areas.

Women between 30 and 52 whose children are of high-school age or older will be called second, and they may be sent anywhere.

The most valuable women, who can expect preferential treatment, will be experts in food management and domestic science, doctors and nurses, lens grinders, electricians, welders, riveters, and truck drivers. Women important in the secretarial operations of industries making or handling war items will be generally deferred.

American farm women, particularly the ones who know how to operate farm machinery, will probably be deferred, because for the first time in our wars, we will have forced farm labor. Women who have been displaced by the war, such as those in the needle trades, will be removed to farms to help

milk cows and gather wheat. Such removals will have the further advantage of reducing the loss of life in atomic attacks on our great cities.

The farm assignments were unpopular in Britain, but in a 3rd world war, they'll probably be popular because of the atomic bombs.

Many thousands of women will be assigned to the services. Communications will demand other thousands, particularly our great radar and aircraft-warning networks. The number of women in the production type of jobs may reach 10 million.

Some women may have to be-

come armed home guards, because in any war with Russia, disloyalty, for the first time, will be a serious problem in America. Plans have already been made for establishing American concentration camps, more stringent than the Japanese camps of the last war. The FBI would arrest at least 100,000 Americans during the first week of war; we would need women guards; there would be a need for a new and terrible sort of vigilance in America.

This it not to prophesy that such conditions will come next month or next year—or ever. It is to report that plans are being made if they do come.



*Are there unexplored depths in the mind of a boy who seems to be stupid?*

## *Jerry and Arithmetic*

By HOMER LANE

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**O**RDER!" demanded the 14-year-old judge sternly.

The scene was the weekly "court" of a self-governing boarding school for delinquent boys. I, the school principal, had laughed

aloud. I felt decidedly embarrassed, for I could not explain myself then.

Jerry, the 13-year-old culprit before the court, eyed me with suspicion and disapproval.

The school matron had charged

\*Talks to Parents and Teachers. Copyright, 1949, by the Hermitage Press, Inc., New York City. 217 pp. \$2.75.

Jerry with having a lighted lamp in his room at 11:15 one night during the week. He was being tried for this breach of the "citizens" laws. The judge had asked him what he had been doing with a light at that time of night, and Jerry had replied, "Doin' 'rithmetic." This made me laugh, but it was not in derision.

Six months before, Jerry had been sent to our school for "chronic truancy." In a special school for backward children he had been considered "not bright." In spite of, or rather, because of, repeated punishments, he skipped school often.

Jerry was excellent at games and loved all kinds of handicraft work, which he did neatly and well. But in the schoolroom he was the dunce of his class. He could learn nothing, though he seemed most anxious to learn. He would sit at his desk staring with determination at his textbook, but somehow he failed to get anything into his head.

"His brain is no good; he cannot hold anything he is taught," his teacher had told me soon after his arrival. "He tries hard enough, but he gets discouraged and gives it up. He is just stupid. He sits and perspires all the time he is in the schoolroom, and every time I turn my head he sneaks out and won't come back until fetched."

I had liked Jerry from the first. He was a cheerful little fellow, and he showed not the least sign of being feeble-minded. He had a delightful sense of humor and could

hold his own in schoolboy repartee with any of his fellow citizens. In the carpenter's shop he was skillful and unusually original, but the moment he entered the classroom all his sparkle disappeared. The other boys called him "sweater," because he began to perspire whenever his teacher spoke to him. I knew that Jerry did not hate school because he could not learn, but could not learn because he hated school.

Here was clearly some difficulty in the unconscious mind. The lad was suffering from an inhibition that was associated with study, so that his mind would not work in the classroom. His pet aversion was arithmetic. He would stare at his paper, pencil in hand, and sweat and try, but learn nothing.

But one evening Jerry came to me in a state of suppressed excitement, and eagerly asked me to go with him. "I want to show you something," he said, pulling me insistently by the sleeve. I followed the lad to the boys' sitting room, and there on the table was a puzzle called "Pigs in Clover," with the pigs all in their correct places.

"Took me over an hour," he declared triumphantly. "No one has ever got 'em in before."

"I didn't know you cared for puzzles," said I, after complimenting him.

"I don't much," he replied, "but when I saw Miss Burnham (the teacher) tryin' to do it, I thought I'd have a try. She couldn't get 'em in



***Psychology Always Works***

**Y**EARS are often a weapon. A Southern lawyer uses the weapon before he takes a divorce case into court. In his office, he cross examines the wife brutally. She breaks down. The husband relents, upon seeing his wife abused. Reconciliation follows.

"I admit," says the lawyer, "that the technique is dangerous. It exposes me to an attack by an irate husband. But the risk is worth it to save a marriage."

Irv Lieberman in *New Liberty*  
(Dec. 1950).

the clover." The lad chuckled with glee.

And so did I, for now Jerry had disclosed the secret of his unconscious mind and the reason why he perspired in school.

I decided to try and break up Jerry's difficulty with arithmetic. Most of the boys liked arithmetic because we had never employed prizes or competition or impositions as an incentive to study. But Jerry, being an unusually sensitive, affectionate little chap, had so far failed to free himself from the hatred of arithmetic that the usual school method breeds.

Working with the unconscious mind demands technique. A knowledge of psychology enabled me to follow the obscure workings of the boy's inner mental forces.

Jerry was helping, as a manual

work project, to lay a new floor in one of the school buildings. The room had a large bay window. I went back to my study and wrote out what appeared to be a simple problem in square measure, requiring the answer to be the number of boards needed for a new floor. Then I gave it to the teacher, asking that Jerry be given the problem as his work in arithmetic on the following day, with directions that when the boy failed to solve the problem he should be sent to me as though for punishment.

The next day, Jerry came to my study with a paper in his hand. "Been sent to you for my 'rithmetic," he announced cheerfully, for Jerry and I had long been pals. I realized that in the lad's mind I was constellated with love and friendship rather than with fear and authority. This wouldn't do.

"What do you mean by coming to the study with hands in that condition?" I demanded. "Retire at once and wash them; then come back and I will attend to you."

Jerry's cheerful manner disappeared. He wilted, and said in a weak, scared, grieved voice, "Yes, sir."

A few minutes later there was a timid knock on the door.

"Come in," I called out gruffly.

Jerry, holding well-scrubbed hands prominently in view, entered. He glanced keenly into my face, but saw nothing there to kindle hope in his throbbing little

heart. His eyes dropped dejectedly to the paper in his hand. There were tiny beads of moisture on his forehead.

"What is it?" I asked sternly.

"She sent me to you with this," holding out the paper. "I—I can't do it. It's 'rithmetic," he explained, his voice rising hopefully, as he trusted me to understand.

There was imminent danger of his becoming friendly again and ruining the professional relationship I had just set up between us.

"She!" I snapped. "Who do you mean?"

"Miss Burnham," he faltered.

"It would be well for you to call your teacher by her name in my presence," said I.

"Yes, sir," he agreed, in a feeble voice.

"Now what are you here for?" I demanded.

He was a picture of misery and dejection. His friend had deserted him. I was suffering more than he, but must persevere.

"You're a lazy boy!" I blustered. "We've had enough nonsense over your lessons. Let me see what it is you are shirking now."

As Jerry handed me the paper, I saw that his forehead was shining with perspiration. I read the problem aloud from the paper, then glared at him for a moment while he licked his dry lips and wiped the back of his hand across his wet forehead.

"Do you mean to tell me that you

cannot do this simple little problem?" I inquired severely.

"No, sir—yes, sir—I mean," he faltered in confusion.

"Disgraceful! A perfectly easy, simple little thing like this! A boy of your age should be able to do it in his head." I fixed my stern gaze upon him.

I picked up the paper. "The room is  $14\frac{1}{2}$  feet long and 11 feet wide. Multiply  $14\frac{1}{2}$  by 11 and you get the number of square feet. Do you see that?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, again wiping his forehead.

"Eleven times  $14\frac{1}{2}$  is—er—um—" Then under my breath: "Eleven times four is 44. Eleven times one is 11 with four to carry is 15. That's one hundred and er—um" whispering, "eleven times four is 44." Then loudly, "One hundred and fifty-four. What's hard about that?" I demanded severely. "Now you've got the square—"

"It's  $14\frac{1}{2}$  feet long," interrupted Jerry, timidly.

"Oh, is it? Oh, yes! I didn't notice the half." I looked intently at the paper. "Well, a half of 11 is five and a half. Add that to 145 and you get—"

"It was 154, sir," again interrupted the boy, who was standing more firmly with a less rueful expression on his face.

"Oh! let me see. Yes, you're right," I said confusedly. "That would make it one hundred and

—er—well—you'd better do a problem like this on paper. Accuracy is the important thing in arithmetic. Time doesn't matter so much," and I turned to my desk and picked up a pencil. Then I read the problem once more and set all the figures down on paper.

I continued, "The room contains  $159\frac{1}{2}$  square feet. Now the number of boards required is—er—what is the size of those floor boards, Jerry?" turning to him.

"Twelve feet by seven inches tongued and grooved," replied the boy, now standing at my elbow. His voice was more hopeful.

"Oh yes. Then each board contains—er—seven inches wide, that's seven-twelfths of a foot. Seven-twelfths times 12 feet—"

"Seven feet in each board," interrupted Jerry, looking over my shoulder. "There's the same number of feet in a board 12 feet long as it is inches wide. Mr. Paul (the carpenter) told me that," he added.

"Eh? Oh yes, I know that myself," said I wisely. "Now, seven feet in a board and  $159\frac{1}{2}$  in the floor"—I wrote figures on the paper—"that makes—"

The lad was now leaning against my chair, stretching his neck to see my figures. "Hold on!" he cried excitedly. "Those boards are tongued and grooved. We've got to allow for that."

"What's that? Oh yes, I was going to allow for that," said I with great dignity. "Let's see, I must al-

low—er—what's the size of the groove, Jerry?"

"Dunno," he answered. "Hadn't thought of it till just now." Jerry's voice had now recovered its usual cheerful, friendly tone. "Say, it ain't so easy to do that in your head, is it?" I caught the note of sarcasm, and frowned at him. He was actually grinning with satisfaction at my evident confusion over the difficulties of the problem.

"Besides, you've left out the bay window, and you don't know how much waste there'll be sawin' 'em to length." He was grinning in frank triumph into my face. "'Tain't so easy, is it?" The young ruffian was actually jeering at me. There was gloom on my face but joy in my heart, for I could almost hear the crash of constellations.

"Look here," I said severely but lamely, "I've got to go out to see Mr. Allan about the sick horse. I can't be bothered with this silly little problem. You get to work on it and don't let me have you coming in here again interrupting when I'm busy." I arose and reached for my hat.

Jerry was not the least bit impressed by my manner, and clearly scented the reason for my sudden interest in the sick horse. He just grinned and mischievously winked one eye as I left the room.

This is why I was called to order by the boy judge when Jerry was charged with "doin' 'rithmetic" at 11:15 at night.

*Nuns in civilian clothes in a splendid conspiracy*

## **"You Don't Look Like a Sister!"**

By LOUIS BELDEN

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

**A**T LEAST five Orders of Sisters in the U.S. do not wear the traditional habit of a nun. At most, they retain an abbreviated veil. One Order does not even keep that. Members wear plain black dresses with white collars and little black hats, and their hair is in a knot at the back of their heads.

Another Order has even dropped the title Sister, and members keep on using their last names. These are the social-service Sisters. The first group came to the U.S. from Hungary 28 years ago. Sister Hildegard brought them at the request of Archbishop (then Bishop) Schrembs of Cleveland.

They wear lay persons' clothing because they call on people who are often hostile to the Church. For example, a Sister in Cleveland once met on the street a boy by the name of Walter. Walter said his grandmother had been a Catholic. Calling at the home, the Sister was admitted only because the

boy's mother thought her a school nurse. In all parish censuses the woman had either refused to admit priests or had said that no Catholics were in the home. The mother had been brought up in the old country in an anti-clerical home. But after two years of work the Sister got the mother back to the Church and converted her two sons. The older boy married a Catholic. Many

years later Sister Hildegard, who came to know the family, met Walter on the street and found him still a devout Catholic. The Sister could never have made the first approach in the usual habit of a nun.

The Social Mission Society of the Holy Ghost, probably the first of the social Orders in the modern sense, was founded in Budapest, Hungary, in 1908. The Sisters worked in the prisons; and one member, Margaret Schlacta,\* as a nun was elected the first woman

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Aug., '47, p. 87.



member of the Hungarian parliament. She served her social vocation by working for legislation benefiting the poor.

When, in October, 1922, Sister Hildegarde, Sister Judith, and one lay Sister arrived in the U.S., they got a puzzled reception. People could not see that missionary work was needed just as truly in Ohio as it was in Borneo. A Sister without veil, bib, and flowing skirts was too novel to take seriously. Sister Hildegarde, who was named Superior, got very few postulants.

But regularly the Sisters left their headquarters at 9 A.M. and came dragging back at 11 P.M. They went on foot and by bus or trolley, because that is the only way you can get to know a neighborhood, especially when the people themselves travel that way. On the street you meet casually the people you called on formally and perhaps under strained family conditions. Children, particularly, are freer outside the family circle.

"Why weren't you at catechism class yesterday?" a Sister would ask a child on a street corner.

"Aw, pop was drunk again. He wouldn't let any of us do anything."

Such candor and the important news of a drinking problem are not likely to come out in pop's presence. At times, children have unabashedly told the Sisters, "My mom and pop think you're too bossy the way you're always nag-

ging at us to come to them classes." The Sisters use such information to alter their strategy.

A Sister frequently would be making door-to-door calls near a public school at dismissal time in the afternoon. As the children flooded down the sidewalk, the Sister would call out some complimentary remark and soon have a crowd of youngsters around her.

"We're starting a class in religion over at Sexton school next week," Sister would say (they frequently rented public-school quarters for after-hours instruction). "Do any of you children have Catholic parents? Or maybe your parents used to be Catholic?"

Soon the children would be openly discussing the matter and Sister would be jotting down names and addresses. The Sisters never approached families of other denominations; they had enough to do working with lapsed Catholics.

In Cleveland, seminarians instructed the grade-school boys gathered up in the Sisters' net, and Catholic volunteers, often teachers in public schools, instructed the girls. The Sisters had the names of about 25 older boys and girls who, reared by fallen-away parents, had never been baptized nor received Communion. These teen-agers refused to sit in with children's classes and were embarrassed even to meet as a group. A rallying spark of some kind was needed.



The Sisters enlisted a small nucleus of Catholic college students. These young men and women never lied, never stated they were nonpracticing Catholics. But they joined the class. They simply listened to the catechism lessons and asked good honest questions. The Sisters worked the shy teenagers who really needed instruction into this well-poised, friendly group and soon had an enthusiastic class. The classes (boys and girls were instructed separately) met in a settlement house and joined for an informal dance afterward. Seventeen conversions resulted from this winter-long project, and the new Catholics were only the more edified when they learned that some members of their beginners' class actually were lifelong Catholics and well-informed college students.

Sister Hildegard's Order makes it a rule that Sisters work only ten and a half months a year. The remaining time is needed for mental and physical rest. The sheer work of pounding the pavements by day and meeting classes at night is heavy, but more bruising is the hostility, the indifference, and the rebuffs. Many postulants could overcome shyness at knocking on doors and prying into personal matters. But they did think that when they found a lost lamb the dear creature would bleat happily and snuggle in the arms of the good Shepherd, just as in pictures.

Most people don't want to be saved. They especially don't if you come to them with a preachy, holier-than-thou attitude. They can sense it if you are making the call primarily because of the spiritual benefit that will accrue, not to them, but to noble you. The Sisters, even though some of them now have had close to 30 years' experience, never knock on a door without first murmuring a prayer for guidance. Often they don't know why the person on the other side of the door fell away. Preoccupation with the physical things of life smothers the spirituality of as many poor as it does rich. Mixed marriages are an extremely common cause of a family's loss to the Church, especially if the Catholic member received shallow, regimented instruction as a child. Oddly enough, many Catholics fall away because their training was thrust on them as hard and scrupulous discipline.

You probe for the reasons as gently as you can. Then you fend off hostility or indifference with whatever approach long experience suggests. The Sisters often ask the lapsed Catholic to pray aloud with them. Often the subject sits through this like a man in a dentist's chair. Sometimes, though, a person who hasn't been inside church in years instinctively blesses himself as the Sister does or self-consciously mumbles along with her; and the long drift away from

the Church may thus be checked.

One Sister, seeking a particular lost family, knocked on a random door asking directions. As always, she said just before leaving, "Are there perhaps any Catholics in this house?" The woman of the house was perfectly frank. Her husband was supposed to be a Catholic and they had been married in the Church. She was a Methodist. The first child was even baptized Catholic. But the father was a drunk, never went to church, and the two youngest children hadn't been baptized. Would the woman let the children come to a class of instruction on Tuesday afternoons? What was the use, the woman wanted to know; the Catholic religion had never done their father any good. Patiently the Sister kept at the family. She got the three children to class, but only one, a seven-year-old named Pat, took any real interest. The others soon dropped out, but Pat came back. Pat was no angel. He was disagreeably outspoken, and another boy in the class pushed him off a wall and broke his arm. At the hospital Pat said he'd come back to class just once—to knock the stuffings out of the other boy. Using all her powers of persuasion, the Sister got the boy to forgive the aggressor and come back to class. Pat even shook hands, but every nerve in his body shook as he did so.

Pat was getting no help at home. His mother told him she didn't see

any sense in this confession business, for one thing, and she kept telling Pat to look at his old man. The Sister kept Pat in her class for two years and then passed him along to a First Communion class in the Catholic school. After about three sessions, Pat flew off the handle and left. Sister immediately raced out to the house again. Pat said flatly that all the class did was "learn pomes" and he wanted no part of it. The "pomes" (poems, that is) were the Apostles' Creed, the *Confiteor*, and other prayers. Pat just could not take learning by rote. He had to understand.

Sister took him back to her class for another year. If you understood him you could lead him; indeed, he thought he might like to be a priest. At the end of that 12 months, the boy went to a Catholic school for a year. He not only was baptized and made his First Communion but announced at home that he was receiving these sacraments for his father. The father was so touched that he went to confession and received Communion the day Pat made his First Communion. Happy ending? Oh, no. The father went back to drinking and fell away again.

Pat, who had an understanding teacher the first year of Catholic school, got a drillmaster the second year and finally was expelled. Sister frantically made arrangements for him to go to another Catholic school, but the mother

said No. He then attended public school and had no religious contacts for a year and a half. Does the good Sister give up? No, this year she had him in a summer camp which she conducts for spiritually needy children. Pat says he hasn't gone to the sacraments in a long time and doesn't know what to think about God and being a priest and everything. So the Sister still doesn't know whether the lad's in the fold or not.

The work of social service Sisters can be that tedious, but persistence does gnaw out results. The yearly report of a single Sister working in an average Midwestern city parish and assisted by lay volunteers included the following achievements: number of families under mission care, 533; calls in homes, 1097; private instructions by priests, 16; children in special classes, 74; children returned to Catholic schools, 30; children baptized, 25; adults baptized, 3; children receiving First Communion, 16; adults, 7; marriages validated, 16; and adults returned to the Sacraments, 9. Among other data, the report carries the cautious note, "With the help of the Catholic Community league and Alcoholics Anonymous, a drunkard was converted and has stayed sober three months so far."

That would be a nice balance sheet (and it's only one year's) to have read in your name at the last judgment; but, like all good works,

salvaging strayed souls goes beyond those immediate results.

A social-mission Sister, working in a prosperous suburb many blocks from the nearest Catholic church, needed a place in which to hold classes. A Catholic housewife volunteered her home. The principal of the public school, liking the idea of religious instruction, announced the time for the children of Catholic background to meet the Sister and the housewife. It was not a large school and at home the housewife had set out 24 bottles of chocolate milk by way of greeting the children. She was overwhelmed with 48 youngsters clamoring around her car after school. Even when children already getting instructions were eased out, there still were 38.

The housewife, assisted by Catholic neighbors and directed by the Sister, held classes for the 38 children all winter. The children came once a week and were divided into five groups meeting all over the house, including the basement. In the spring, six of the children received Baptism and 18 made their First Communion.

But here is the main point. The day after "graduation" in the spring, a small member of one of the classes walked by the housewife's home as she was in the yard hanging up clothes. He came over to chat. As he left, he looked up and said, "Gee, I liked coming here and learning about God."

*Sometimes the fame isn't worth the scramble*

# Success Can Be Dangerous

By JAMES POLING

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal*



**I**F you're a woman in business, you naturally dream of being a great professional success. You wish a five-figure salary, decorated office, impressive title. From a distance, making far-reaching decisions and determining long-range policies look glamorous. Professional success does bring all of these rewards—but at a price.

Today, psychologists and psychiatrists know that a successful woman in business is all too often unsuccessful as a woman. This does not mean that maladjustment always follows business success, just because you are a woman. The difficulty lies in the fact that, as a woman, you have a more complex system and a more involved psychology than the men you are contending with. It is still a male business world. To achieve success you've got to fight your way out of the minor leagues up into an arena where the competition is really tough. Being a woman, you've got to be doubly tough.

The competitive drive is a ne-

cessity for success in modern business. It isn't an unqualified virtue. You may solace yourself with the thought that you are a nice, mild, sweet person. You follow the Marquis of Queensberry rules in your office fighting. But a moment's honest reflection should convince you that the psychologists know what they are talking about when they say, flatly, that competitiveness is a compound of aggression and hostility. If you are overly ambitious and, hence, overly competitive, you are constantly parading all that is most hostile and aggressive in your nature.

You can't afford to ignore the fact that in straining for success you are in danger of damaging yourself on four levels of your life. You have to be a wise person, with a well-balanced personality and the rare ability to appraise yourself objectively, to avoid all possible pitfalls. Here are the four main dangers that threaten you.

1. The danger of ill-health. On the physical level, success exposes

you to any number of psychosomatic disorders. An ever-growing number of business women complain of illnesses brought on by the emotional and nervous strain of their jobs. They get stomach ulcers, insomnia, nervous disorders, high blood pressure, unexplained tearfulness, heart ailments, and irascibility. Alcoholism is on the increase: Alcoholics Anonymous has a surprising percentage of career women among its members. You're not even financially ahead of the game when more salary leads to bigger doctor bills.

2. The danger of conspicuous spending. Many successful girls publicize the fact that they have arrived at executive status by wearing their hats at their desks. If you do too, you are indulging in an innocent enough conceit. But if you carry the tendency further, and become obsessed with keeping ahead of the Joneses, you will only make yourself ridiculous by flaunting your own uncertainty. A prominent woman boasted that as soon as she began to make her mark she put herself in hock for three years to buy the mink coat and emerald earrings she thought her position demanded. Today she says, "Before I'd even got the blamed things paid for I realized that the only people I could impress with them were people who weren't worth impressing." True enough, but she still misses the point. She wasn't just trying to impress others. She was

trying to bolster her own ego. She'd gone to the top so rapidly she was still unsure of herself in the fast company to which she'd been promoted. You can't buy poise; assurance isn't for sale; and no designer ever created a dress that could truly compensate for a feeling of insecurity. If you can take in your stride the money that success brings, you are probably a pretty solid person.

3. The danger of a warped personality. Any basic personality change that comes with success is a confession of weakness and a sign of a neurotic tendency in your nature. When you are a well-adjusted person and sure of your own strength, you don't have to put on an act.

Has your executive status brought you to the grandiose point where you find yourself unable to take criticism? If so, you might as well wear a sandwich board which reads, "This job is too big for me, and I'm afraid of it. And because I'm afraid of it, I'm overcompensating by being extremely belligerent." If, to take another common type, you try to impress people by tossing prominent names around, and talking about where you've been and what you've done, then your sandwich board should read, "I feel sort of helpless and insignificant in this job, but I'll be blamed if I'll let anyone know it." Of course, everyone will know it.

4. The danger of thwarted femi-



ninity. Basically, success may be more of a threat to you on the feminine level than on any other. The threat lies in the fact that biologically, psychologically, and inescapably, you are a woman. If you are a normal woman, business success can conflict seriously with your instinctive feminine nature. In her *Psychology of Women*, Dr. Helene Deutsch says, "The balance of a woman's life fails when her work overtakes her emotions. When very active, women do not seem to manage their emotional capacities correctly. They become poorer in feeling, rather than richer, in their direct, more personal relationships."

Certainly, successful women do marry, but it is doubtful whether the top 10% of America's women are as successful at marriage as they are in their chosen careers. Few of them will deny this. And successful women do have children, but the great majority of the successful ones have been childless, or, if mothers, haven't maintained even the present-day 1.8 average of children.

It is hard to be a successful business woman unless you delegate to others the responsibility of rearing your children. And this is one field where executive supervision, no matter how excellent, will never yield the deepest satisfaction nor the best results.

Of course, if you're one of those neurotic women (and there are

many) for whom business success is a means of escaping men and the responsibilities of marriage and motherhood, then you aren't going to be happy anyway. The problem will never arise. But you are a normal woman. There will come a time when your biological structure and your deepest feminine instincts will clash with the harsh demands of success. Your resolution of this conflict will tax to the utmost your intelligence and character and be your real test as a successful business woman.

Success is often harder to live with than it is to earn. It will help you to live with it if you remember that, as an individual, you have three irreducible, basic needs.

1. The need to maintain your physical well-being.

2. The need for security, love, and affection.

3. The need to be recognized, and to be regarded as a person of worth and importance.

Your personal integrity and happiness depend on each of the three. If you have an excessive need for recognition and stress success to the exclusion of either or both of your other basic needs you will be psychologically out of balance, and symptoms of maladjustment will appear. Furthermore, as a wise man once said, you should resign yourself to the fact that you can never be as successful as a man. You can never have a wife to help you.

*A sand pile is a serious matter when you're going on five*



## Toys To Help Your Children Grow

By TRUDY LYONS

Condensed from the *Woman*\*

JIMMY's mother shook her curly blond head distractedly. "I just don't know what to do with Jimmy. He's *so* naughty. Nothing in this house is safe from his destruction."

"Maybe he doesn't have enough to interest him," her friend commented.

The mother bristled. "Why, that's impossible. You should see the stack of toys in his room. And he hardly ever plays with them. He's just naturally bad."

Few psychologists would agree with Jimmy's mother. A child is not naturally bad or destructive. What seems like destruction to the mother may be only an urge to create.

A young child does not know what impels him to toy with mother's best antiques or to rummage in her bureau drawers. He just knows that he is exploring new territories. But if his toys are chosen according to a plan, they will satisfy his natural instincts to create and explore.

To a child, play is a serious occupation. Until school years, play is the primary interest of a child's waking hours.

Certain basic principles should govern the selection of toys.

While television brings faraway places into children's lives, new challenges to imagination and creative impulses are compellingly necessary. Parents can help to counteract the passive influence of radio and television by choosing good play materials.

Dr. Grace Langdon, child development advisor to the American Toy institute, advises, "Toys should satisfy a child's interest in active physical play, creative play, dramatic play and social play."

Parents remember to buy bicycles, wagons and skates. Too often they neglect construction blocks, modeling tools or carpentry equipment.

Ask yourself these questions before you buy a toy. Is the toy safe? Examine it carefully for rounded corners and a smooth surface. Is it

too large to be swallowed by a baby? Are the colors lasting and nontoxic? Do the wheels turn freely? Will it withstand hard usage?

While all well-made toys help somewhat in a child's development, some arouse the creative impulse more than others, if presented when the child is ready. Be careful not to force a child to play with a toy if he displays no interest in it.

Five-year-old Joan, uninterested in sewing or embroidery, was given a cross-stitch set. Her mother insisted on her playing with it. As a result, Joan developed a permanent dislike for needlework.

Building blocks and color cones help supply the need for manipulating in children as young as two. Blocks encourage a child to "learn by doing" from the moment he enters his play pen until he reaches the hobby age and wants to be an architect.

A young child needs lightweight blocks with rounded corners, small enough to grasp easily. They should be made of cardboard, composition, rubber or plastic. Toddlers and kindergarteners need nested blocks, to absorb the meaning of relative size and weight. Color cubes that encourage matching colors and making designs, blocks to be fitted together and taken apart, and ABC blocks are also good for a preschool child.

Architectural blocks stimulate older children to build houses, bridges and trains.

The two-to-four-year-old wants to poke, pound, roll, and make things with clay. For mothers who dislike having clay around the house a new type of molding material, elastic plastic, will be a boon. It does not crumble and will not stick to furniture or clothing.

Meticulous housekeepers are often deterred from offering their children manipulative toys because they fear clutter and dirt. But children need experience with sand, water, and paints as part of their growing up.

One day a three-year-old was happily engrossed in building a mud house when his mother called imperatively, "Bobby, come here!"

He did not reply. After repeated calls failed, she appealed, "Bobby, if you'll play nicely on the porch, mother will give you a cookie."

Even this blandishment failed to entice the small boy. He was too busy sloshing around in the mud, working hard to make a house. When he finally emerged, he was tired but satisfied.

Dr. Langdon believes that Bobby's mother would have been wiser to buy sand molds to encourage his new interest. Sandpiles have always delighted children. From toddler age on up, they love to use sand pails and shovels, wagons and sifters, diggers and molds modeled after grown-up equipment.

A young child's sometimes overpowering energy can be turned into constructive play with paints, large

brushes, and large surfaces for his sprawling images. Rolls of wrapping paper tacked on a wall give the child the boundless freedom he craves.

Water play also satisfies the need for wide movements and picture-making. A child with a pail of water and a large brush makes endless pictures on tiles, a blackboard or even the side of the house.

From the three-year-old gravely sweeping the living-room rug with her own toy sweeper to the teenager wildly enthusiastic about a Halloween party, all children find fun in imitative and dramatic play. Toys for dramatic play—miniature housekeeping equipment, dolls and doll accessories, doctor and nurse kits—awaken the young child's interest in imitating adults. Such toys help him to understand the world around him.

The kindergartener likes equipment for store play: cash registers, adding machines, telephones. Community-activity toys, like fireman, postman, and policeman outfits delight him, too. Washers, ironers, stoves and sewing machines delight the six-to-eight-year-old girl; cowboy outfits and masks, the eight-to-ten-year-old boy; marionettes the older child.

As the child grows towards school age, creative toys assume greater importance. Very small youngsters should have construction toys, large pieces easily put together. From these they learn to

plan, measure, and discriminate among sizes and weights. Construction toys are a long-term investment because they are durable and the child can find many ways to use them.

Between four and six, the youngster begins to enjoy modeling sets, easy weaving and sewing equipment, and other outlets for artistic expression. When Susie reaches kindergarten, she is ready for wax and clay modeling sets. By illustrating her own experience of life in flowers, animals and reproductions of adult life, she uses her imagination and develops skill with her hands. Large beads, jack-straw sets and weaving sets also help in the development of manipulative skill and originality.

A boy becomes hobby conscious at eight or a little later. Sometimes he turns to a new hobby each week. Aid his fishing trips into the deep sea of adult knowledge. He may discover a strange new world that will mold his entire future.

Play sets reproduce the basic principles of chemistry, physics, electrophysics, biology, mineralogy. They are a good investment for both boys and girls. They stimulate curiosity about science, and promote self-reliance, initiative, and pride in painstaking work.

Carpentry tools and model-building materials also have wide appeal for the older boy and girl. Many model trains, airplanes, and boats are actual scale models of equip-

ment in use commercially. Youngsters who are model fans learn the need for precise, accurate work. Model building is invaluable for fostering a close father-son relationship, if a father teams up with his son in the hobby.

After age ten, difficult handicraft activities, with leather, raffia, jewelry and ceramics, become a challenge. Girls take pride in designing and making simple clothes for themselves, preparing stage sets, and making puppets.

At all ages, advise both the Toy Guidance council and the American Toy institute, parents should buy toys for year-round pleasure. They caution against too many spur-of-the-moment novelty toys that amuse only momentarily.

Dr. Langdon has discovered that too many parents tend to be interested in the end results of play activity—in what the toy does. But the child profits as much in the process of learning to use the toy

as in the final product. Do not expect him to conform to what you think a finished product should be. That stunts his appreciation of the play value of the toy—the very purpose of any toy.

Dr. Langdon declares, "While it is important to offer the child variety in toys, it is far more important to give him a chance to play as he wants, not needing to conform to adult ideas." Mother buys a toy for Junior, and immediately tells him how to use it. Maybe his conception of what to do with it is entirely different. Yet it can be equally valuable to him. A child can be creative with practically any type of safe, well-made toy, even a wind-up.

When buying toys remember these things: 1. Know children, yours in particular. 2. Be sure of safe construction and safe colors. 3. Choose a fun-producing design. 4. Choose a balanced variety. 5. Buy the right toy at the right time.



### *Our Lady's Not for Burning*

*I*N the days of the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland, little Mary had to go to a Protestant school. She was constantly questioned about the Mother of Christ by teachers who thought they were honoring Jesus by casting discredit on His Mother. "How do you know Mary is in heaven?" one old maid persisted. This was a poser. Little Mary had never heard it questioned. She hesitated for only a moment. "How do I know, is it?" she flung back triumphantly. "You Protestants don't believe in purgatory. If she is not in heaven, she must be in hell. It's a pretty Son who would send His own Mother to hell!"

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*Our own century has a saint like Agnes in  
St. Maria Goretti*



## *Farm Girl of Conca*

By C. E. MAGUIRE

Condensed from a book\*

**M**ARIA GORETTI was murdered on July 5, 1902. On April 27, 1947, she was declared Blessed. Her mother was present at the beatification, a privilege which the mother of St. Aloysius Gonzaga enjoyed 400 years before, and which no mother had enjoyed since. Her assassin, after figuring as chief witness in the examination of her cause, was also scheduled to be present (though in fact he was not), when her name was invoked for the first time. Silver trumpets then echoed under the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's, and Pius XII knelt with his cardinals to venerate relics of the little body that had been worn thin with labor at Ferriere di Conca. Only three years later, on June 25, 1950, 250,000 people thronged St. Peter's square to hear the name of Maria Goretti inscribed in the catalogue of the saints.

Maria was born Oct. 16, 1890, at Corinaldo, a little city near Ancona, the third child and first daughter of Luigi Goretti and As-

sunta Carlini. Her mother had herself grown up in circumstances which make the preservation of virtue almost miraculous. She had been left an orphan very young. Unable to read or write, she had made a living as best she could, hiring herself out to work on one farm after another. Strong faith, devotion to the Mother of God, and frequent use of the sacraments kept her safe. At 19, she married Luigi Goretti, a poor, honest, intelligent, industrious workman, who owned a small farm at Corinaldo. He was, like Assunta, a good Christian, who never missed Mass and faithfully kept the Commandments. Both, despite their poverty, welcomed with joy the children God sent them.

The first years were happy. Their third child was born at night, and baptized next day Maria Teresa. In the good season, Luigi and Assunta worked together in the fields until the church bells called them home to meals; good meals, though plain ones, for Assunta was as

\*Saint Maria Goretti: Martyr of Purity. Copyright, 1950, by the Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York City. 95 pp. \$1.25.

handy at cooking as she was ready with sickle and spade. In winter there was the spinning to be done. At night all said simple family prayers, and prayers for the dead; in May and October the Rosary, but always the three Hail Mary's to overcome temptation. Assunta's counsel to her children was, "You must never commit sin, at any cost."

The first six years, a little more than half of Maria's life, were spent at Corinaldo. There were two more children, bringing the number to four, the first child having died in infancy; and the handkerchief-sized farm no longer yielded enough to support the growing family. Three years were spent at Colle Gianturco, where the reputation of the inhabitants was as bad as the soil was barren.

Then came the move to Ferriere di Conca, the Mazzoleni estate in the Pontine marsh lands. The village is about seven miles from Nettuno, two from Anzio. Before the end of the year, Luigi was stricken by a combination of malaria, typhoid, and meningitis, which, worn with worry and overwork, he could not fight.

Before his death he begged Assunta to leave Conca and return to Corinaldo. He must have realized in how dangerous a situation he was leaving her. He had come to Conca to work a farm on shares with Giovanni Serenelli, a much older man than himself, with

whom he had worked at Paliano, and with Serenelli's young son Alessandro.

But it was not easy to change. Assunta, young, only 35, and strong, decided to stay. She took upon herself all her husband's work, increasing her labors, but not her earnings. Often the children went hungry while the Serenellis feasted; but there were worse things to bear. The house in which they lived was divided into separate living quarters, but shared a common kitchen and stairway; and the cooking, cleaning, washing, and mending fell to Assunta, at first, later to Maria. There was no escaping the Serenellis; and if the father was tight-fisted, drunken, and sour of temper, the son was growing brutal and vicious. The honest Assunta admits, in her testimony about the case, that she found him respectful and obedient to his father and to her, that he went to the sacraments, and joined in the family Rosary. But he had lost his mother very early, and, neglected by his father, had been allowed to frequent loose company. He was introspective, rough, and sullen. Approaching manhood, he found his chief amusement—and in this his father encouraged and helped him—in decorating his room with coarse illustrations from questionable newspapers. When Assunta remonstrated, he told her she needn't look at them if they bothered her.

The house was of brick, not very large, but large enough to be a hard task for the nine-year-old who now began to take care of it. There were two stories, the lower a combination barn and stable. The way to the upper floor was a long outdoor flight of stone steps. Beyond the wide landing, a door led into the common kitchen, a big room with white-washed, smoke-blackened walls and a bare brick floor.

The other rooms, opening on this central room, were bedrooms, two on each side. Here Assunta could satisfy her devotion away from the eyes of the Serenellis, and Maria had her little shrine of the Madonna before which she kept flowers. Besides the bed, there was some sort of chest of drawers. The house is still standing and in use.

Maria worked from dawn to dusk. Sun-up saw her at the fountain on a neighboring farm, laboriously drawing water, and then feeding the poultry. Later there were long walks to the stores to do the marketing, a penny's worth of salt, 2c worth of oil, or to sell the hen's eggs, and the doves. At home, she gathered wood for the fire, took care of the little brothers and sisters, and did the cleaning, washing, and mending for her own family and the Serenellis. At sowing and harvest time, she joined her mother in the fields.

Maria was tall (4 feet 10 inches at the time of her death), "straight as a poplar," and had a grave, Fra

Angelico kind of beauty: a delicate rose complexion, regular features, small mouth, hazel eyes, thick, light-chestnut hair, grace of movement. Except when sent on an errand, or when going to church, she was seldom far from home; and when she was away, she generally hid her face in a little kerchief she wrapped about her head and neck, "like a nun," someone remembers.

When she blundered, as any child might in the face of mature duties, the weary and naturally quick-tempered Assunta might impatiently take her to task. But Maria would only blush and promise to try to do better. She was always completely open with Assunta about everything, except troubles with the Serenellis, which were not to be solved anyway, and which would only cause friction. They had enough of that.

She was a pious child, though not sentimentally pious. For a long time she teased Assunta to let her "receive Jesus," but her mother demanded to know how she was to learn the catechism, since she couldn't read? At Conca there was no real church, school, priests, nor Sisters. And how were they to afford shoes, white dress, a veil? Maria said that if all these obstacles stood in her way, she would probably never receive. Assunta agreed sadly that they were all growing up like "little animals," which meant little heathen; but what was to be done?

Maria was not to be denied. God, she said, would provide the frills; and there was Signora Elvira, who was in service at the Mazzoleni house, and who could read. Maria could walk up to the house every day after work to be taught her catechism; and on Sundays, Don Alfredo Paliano, who came from Cisterna every week to say Mass at Conca, gave special instruction to those who were preparing for First Communion. Assunta agreed; Signora Elvira agreed; and the long preparation, shared with Angelo, began.

After 11 months, to be assured that her daughter was really ready for the sacrament, Assunta took her to see Don Temistocle Signori, the archpriest at Nettunø, who knew Maria and had bought her hen's eggs and doves. He examined her, and was quite satisfied. "Trust her to our Lady," he said, "and keep your soul in peace." And as a sign that our Lady was already taking things in hand, Assunta was somehow able to provide the shoes and dress and veil.

Very shortly after her First Communion, Maria came back from the fountain in great distress because a girl had been carrying on an immodest conversation with a man there.

"And you stood and listened?" said Assunta.

"What else could I do until the pitcher was filled? But as soon as it was full, I came away."

"Well, see to it that what went in one ear goes out the other. And above all, don't repeat it."

Even Alessandro, ironically enough, testifies that not only her beauty but her modesty attracted him; and Assunta says that the child had treated him quite simply like one of the family.

During the cold winter weeks there was little to do outdoors or to keep Alessandro's restless attention from his lurid collection of illustrations. It was in January that that he first made suggestions to Maria of which he admits that at first "she didn't understand what he was talking about." But she understood soon enough, and her answer was swift and final. It was a sin. God did not want it. He would go to hell. How could he even think of it? He sulked, but did not give up.

Maria spoke of it to no one, not even to her mother nor to Teresa Cimarelli. Her silence pervades the story like a mysterious atmosphere. If she had only spoken. Why didn't she ask for help? Or at least for advice? It was partly shame. She said so herself. But it was equally fear for her mother and family. If she told Assunta, the latter would protest to Serenelli, and—who knows?—the contract might be broken. They might be put out of their home. The horror of this hung over her mother's life and her own.

Later, Alessandro threatened to

kill not only her but her mother if she told. And when she might have been on the verge of speaking to Assunta, she would have remembered that she knew what her mother's advice would be if she asked. She merely followed the advice, and did not ask.

The winter months were not so bad, because Assunta and the boys were much in the house. And during the sowing time, there was much to do. But Alessandro, furious at the balking of his pride and passion, made life almost unbearable for her. He gave her unnecessary orders and extra work, spoke to her insultingly. Sometimes she was driven to protest. More often she said nothing. Her mother noticed sometimes but did not think anything worse than that Alessandro was developing his father's sour temper. She encouraged Maria with the hope that the boy would soon be due for his military service. But Assunta could not help noticing her frequent tears, her pleading not to be left alone with Alessandro. It was unlike Maria, and her mother grew puzzled at first, and then irritated. Was Maria becoming wilful and capricious? The child must have seen this change in her mother, and it finally isolated her. At a time when the very sight of Alessandro terrified her, she turned to prayer alone for her support. Meanwhile, Alessandro had persuaded the smith to shape a dagger for him out of an old farm tool.

July 5 was the first Saturday of the month. Waves of heat trembled above the marshes. After dinner, Assunta and the boys went back to the threshing floor with Alessandro, the Cimarellis, and others. Giovanni Serenelli, who was not very well, stretched himself at the foot of the outdoor staircase to take some rest. At the head of the stairs, two-year-old Teresa was asleep on a quilt. Beside her, Maria was mending a shirt for Alessandro. The Goretti boys were in one of the ox carts that went about among the stacks of beans, and Alessandro was in the other. Presently he jumped down and asked Assunta to take the reins while he ran up to the house for something.

Alessandro spoke to his father as he came to the stairs, but passed Maria in silence and went into his own room. After a moment he called to Maria, but she went on with her sewing as if she had not heard. Furious, he leaped toward her, dragged her into the kitchen, and kicked the door shut. We have her account and his of the ten minutes that followed. With incredible strength, the frail child defended herself, crying out again and again: "No, it's a sin! God does not want it! You'll go to hell!" Maddened by her resistance, he lifted the dagger and threatened to strike. She only repeated her cry. Then, to use his own words, he "struck again and again, as a man might strike upon wood." She called out for help, as



blow followed blow, but the closed door was heavy, and the noise of the threshing drowned her weakening voice. When she fell unconscious, Alessandro began to go toward his own room. She found strength to drag herself to the door, open it, and call out to Giovanni. Terrified, the boy rushed back and struck her again, six times, so that the dagger passed clean through her body. Then, dropping the dagger, he ran to his room and locked himself in.

Giovanni, awakened not by her cry but by the shrieks of baby Teresa, found her, and shouted wildly to the threshers. The Cimarellis heard and came at once. Assunta, in the ox cart, misunderstood. She thought the baby had awakened, and sent Mariano to find out why Maria was not caring for the little one. It was only when he came back that she knew what had happened. The Cimarellis had found her lying as she is represented in a marble monument at Nettuno, fallen forward, with her head resting against her lifted forearm.

Her body was revoltingly mangled. They carried her to her bed. She begged them to loosen her clothes so that she could breathe, for two of the blows had passed through her lung and heart. People began to crowd into the room, and she implored them, in shame, to cover her. Assunta fainted when she saw her, and had to be taken out to the landing. In a moment,

she heard Maria calling out to her.

She asked, as Teresa Cimarelli had already asked, who had done it. Maria said, "It was Alessandro. He tried to make me do something that was a sin. But he couldn't make me do it. He couldn't. I wouldn't let him." She said it over and over again, as if trying to convince herself; but the surgeons at Nettuno confirmed her boast.

The doctor came, but could do nothing for her there. An ambulance was sent for to take her to the hospital at Nettuno. The *carabinieri* stationed at Conca had been summoned also, and had found Alessandro defiantly waiting to be taken. By now, an angry crowd, which might get out of hand, surrounded the house. Nettuno was asked for help. Chained between two *carabinieri*, with the others forming a square about them, the killer was hurried through the crowd that waited with stones and weapons. Several attempts were made on the road to lynch him.

Almost at the same time came the crude, horse-drawn ambulance. One biographer with an eye for drama has pictured the widow Goretti and the widower Serenelli meeting on the landing as their children were carried out of the house for the last time, each reaping what had been sown: her daughter a martyr, his son an assassin. The men in the crowd uncovered their heads when the stretcher passed them.

Assunta and the Cimarellis went in the jolting ambulance with her. It was 6:30 when they reached the hospital of the Fatebenefratelli at Nettuno. The surgeons saw at a glance that the case was hopeless. Father Guijarro, superior of the hospital, came to hear her confession.

This confession was, like the others, "brief and direct." Then the surgeons did what they could. It was impossible to use an anaesthetic. There were 14 wounds, most of them in the intestines, nine of them very deep. For two endless hours, the knives cutting into the living flesh, the needles for the sutures, the searing disinfectants continued the work of martyrdom. The suffering in itself was enough to cause death. It was nearly 9 o'clock when they took her from the operating room to a room in a separate building.

Her mother was there, and Maria said, "I'm all right," but again, almost at once, as on the road from Conca, she betrayed herself by a constant question. "Won't you give me some water?" She had lost much blood, and was burning with fever. Assunta would have given her last drop of blood to spare her, but had to say No. The doctors had forbidden it.

The hours wore on. They gave her a crucifix to kiss, and reminded her of the thirst of Jesus on the cross. That comforted her. To lessen the effort of speaking and the

grief of seeing Assunta's tears, they would not let her mother stay the whole night. Where was she to sleep? They told Maria it had been arranged, and she did not insist. When Assunta had gone, loving care still, though helplessly, surrounded the child. Teresa Cimarelli, two Little Sisters of the Poor, a Spanish countess, Donna Luisa Cuccalon de Bagner were there all night, and others came and went. Father Guijarro had the inspiration that she might like to be enrolled in the Congregation of the Children of Mary. So then and there he read the prayers and blessed the medal, which was hung about her neck on a green ribbon. It was a happy inspiration. She kissed the medal repeatedly. After a quarter of a century, it was found with her, blackened by time but with the words "O Mary conceived without sin" still clearly legible.

In the early morning came her friend Don Signori, who had advised Assunta to leave her to our Lady, and who had spent much of the night there with the others. He brought her Viaticum. But in preparation, he asked her a question. Assunta, anxious that no shadow should mar her Maria's soul on the threshold of eternity, had asked the same question the day before, when the crowd outside was yelling for Alessandro's blood. Maria's answer had been the same; but now Don Signori put on her lips the words which have come down to

us as hers: Did she forgive Sere-nelli, as Christ had forgiven the thief on the cross, and had promised him paradise? She said that she forgave him. She said it clearly and energetically, and added that she would pray for his repentance, and that he be with her in heaven.

After that, he asked her whether she knew who it was she would receive, and she said, "Yes, it is Jesus, whom I shall soon see in heaven." Then he gave her Viaticum.

As the afternoon advanced the pain grew worse. Peritonitis had set in, and she fell into intermittent delirium. In one of Maria's last moments of clearness, Assunta leaned over her and asked her to pray for them all. Only her eyes answered. Assunta, afraid to make the child's grief worse, hid herself behind the others. Teresa stayed beside the bed. In her delirium, the dying child re-enacted the terrible scene of the day before, imploring them to keep "Il Serenelli" away from her, and bearing witness to herself by crying out again her indomitable: "Alessandro, what are you doing? You will go to hell!" At other times, thinking she was still lying on the floor where she had fallen, she said, "Take me to my bed. I want to be near our Lady." At about 3:30, in a new access of delirium, she caught the arm of Signora Cimarelli, crying out, "Teresa!" imploringly, and then suddenly fell back.

Her Calvary was at an end. It was the second Vespers of the feast of the Precious Blood, and the Church was singing to her divine Martyr, "Why is Thy apparel red, and Thy garments like theirs that tread in the winepress?"

On Tuesday, after a long day during which the whole town, old and young, filed by the still body, reverencing it, the children kissing it, all asking her intercession in heaven, a solemn funeral Mass was celebrated in the church attached to the sanitorium. Again the whole town took part: canons of the cathedral, clergy, nuns, the children of the boarding school conducted by the Sisters of St. Dorothea, the wealthy families of the place, the visitors there for the season. The procession started for Nettuno, all reciting the Rosary aloud as they walked. As they entered the town proper, the bells of all three churches did not toll, but rang out joyously.

Don Signori himself pronounced the eulogy. He regretted that she was not a Nettunese, so that he might claim a martyr as a towns-woman, and called upon the little girl who had sold him her doves to remember them all in heaven, and to win for them all the living flame of purity and faith. After some conflict as to who should have the honor, the township of Nettuno presented the plot of ground where the body was to rest. By voluntary contributions, two monuments were

erected, one of marble in the shrine of our Lady of Grace, one a stone cross at the grave itself. On this cross was inscribed, "Here rests the virginal body of the heroine Maria Goretti, in her twelfth year;" but also, lest there be any mistake about it, "awaiting the legal authorization to be buried in the sanctuary of our Lady of Grace." It was to wait 27 years, for the authorization was obtained only in 1929. Within ten years of her death, three other memorials appeared: one a stone on the house where she was killed; one at Corinaldo, her birthplace; and one at Otranto in the south.

That funeral had more of triumph than of sorrow. It was a kind of canonization by acclamation; the townspeople merely said at once what the Church was to say officially less than 50 years later. But Assunta Goretti's was the heart-break of any mother who has lost her child, made more bitter by the suddenness of it, and by the unspeakable circumstances.

It was so short a time, too, since the death of Luigi. That had almost broken up her family. Now she could hold the family together no longer. The contract with Serenelli would have to be broken. How could she live in a house where every stone would cry out?

But Maria was still taking care of her mother. Father Allegrini persuaded Assunta to stay in Rome, and lodged her there for two weeks

while she was preparing to return to Corinaldo. Meanwhile he arranged, with the assistance of Pope Leo XIII, to place Ersilia with the Zoccolate, or Capuchin nuns, and the baby Teresa, the unconscious witness of the martyrdom, with the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. She is now a Religious of that Society, Sister Mary of St. Alfred, and Ersilia is married. Then Assunta went back to Corinaldo. It was only six years since she had left that scene of her early happy married life, six grim years. But again a charitable friend, Count Bronori, undertook to provide for the needs of the little family, and the poor mother's later years were not passed in want. In 1906 the three boys came to the U.S., where the youngest died in 1917, and where Angelo still resides. The second brother, Mariano, returned to Italy.

Although at the time when the cause was being examined, Pius XII said he would dispense Maria from miracles, since her life itself was a miracle, Maria was not one to be niggardly about such matters. If she did not need them, others did, and there are many on record; cures from tuberculosis, from typhus, from innumerable physical ills. One man, unemployed, knelt with his wife to call on the little martyr who knew what it meant to be hungry. Of course he found work. A peasant woman, suffering from an unsightly goiter, said to Maria: "If you

are a saint, make this ugly thing disappear." It disappeared. A hard-working Passionist Brother had a gangrenous finger. The postulator of Maria's cause, one of the Fathers of that Order, applied a relic, and the gangrene cleared up. A man with a disease of the head leaned his forehead against the stone slab which contained her relics, and was cured at once.

But no miracle of Maria's is greater than her conversion of her murderer. On the day of Maria's death, Serenelli was taken to Rome to stand trial there, and to protect him from the fury of the townspeople. He was defiant in court, saying he had killed Maria so that he might not have to work for his living, but be taken care of in jail for the rest of his life. The sentence should have been life imprisonment, but as he was not yet 21, the supreme penalty allowed by law was pronounced against him: 30 years' imprisonment, followed by three years of police surveillance, and perpetual disqualification from civic rights.

In the first years, he kept up his jaunty attitude, but after he was transferred to Noto in Sicily, and had spent some time there at hard labor, breaking stones for the roads, he was visited by the bishop, Monsignor Bladini, who spoke to him in a fatherly way, and left him some Catholic reading, including an account of Maria. He read it. It was the first time he had

seen himself and Maria and their respective roles in the tragedy from an objective point of view. He suddenly changed. He wrote to the bishop, publicly acknowledged his guilt and Maria's innocence and virtue, and accepted his condition as expiation for what he now realized was the horror of his crime.

He even had a dream in which he saw Maria coming toward him in a garden, carrying lilies and saying to him, "Take them." He did take them, and they turned to flames in his arms. He knew now that she had promised to pray from heaven for his repentance, and he said, "I hope for salvation, since I have a saint in heaven praying for me." After some years, he was, because of good conduct, transferred to a less severe prison. On March 7, 1929, he was released, having served three years less than the original sentence.

He settled at Torrente di Ancona, near his native place, and later entered service at S. Biagio di Osimo. In 1935 he went to Corinaldo to ask forgiveness of Assunta Goretti, who said that since Maria had forgiven him when he was still unrepentant, she could hardly refuse now. Next morning the two received Communion at the same altar rail.

Serenelli's testimony, of course, was essential, and may be said to be responsible for the beatification, since no one else could have known what actually took place.



The postulators found him not only willing to humiliate himself, but accustomed to prayer, averse to loose talk, an excellent Christian. Maria had done her work well; he has since become a member of the 3rd Order of St. Francis and is living as a hired man in a Capuchin monastery.

During the 27 years while Seregnelli was doing penance, Maria had not been forgotten. In 1928, the Passionists became interested in her cause. Civil and ecclesiastical authorization granted, the body was transferred to the shrine of our Lady of Grace. Meanwhile, under Father Mauro of the Immaculate Virgin, later Roman provincial of the Passionists, Maria's cause had advanced rapidly, and on May 21, 1945, the recognition of martyrdom was decreed, and the decree *di tuto* permitted the solemn beatification on April 27, 1947.

But greater things were to come. The Holy Father had seen Maria as the "perfect fruit of the kind of Christian home where the family prays." He chose the Holy Year of 1950, when thousands of pilgrims were pouring into Rome, as the setting for the canonization. He would impress upon the world that the "old way of education" which "makes children grow up in a supernatural atmosphere, into oneness with Christ," cannot be replaced.

In the afternoon of Saturday,

June 24, Assunta Goretti, Mamma Assunta, as the crowds called her, knelt by a window high up in the Apostolic palace to the right of the basilica, and saw her Maria's clients, in hundreds of thousands, filling the square and crowding the space beyond. Then from the bronze gate emerged a long procession of Religious, priests, bishops, and cardinals, who mounted the steps leading to the basilica and took up their position about the papal throne, erected before the central door of St. Peter's. Assunta could see her two boys, Angelo and Mariano, whom she had sent in to look for Maria on another Saturday afternoon 48 years ago, carrying a huge banner with a painting of their little sister in glory. At about 6 o'clock, through the deafening cheers of the crowd, the Holy Father was carried to his throne, while the Vatican radio carried echoes of this incredible scene all over the world.

The elaborate ceremonial followed. As the Pope finished, the evening shadows were falling over the square and the silent crowds. Suddenly, brilliant lights flashed out around Maria's portrait, which hung from the balcony above the papal throne, and the bells of St. Peter's, answered by all the church bells of Rome, rang through the city and, over the air, through the whole world.

Next morning, almost 35,000 people, including 75 American

bishops, attended the canonization Mass in St. Peter's. For the occasion, the relics of Maria, set in a wax effigy in a handsome case, had been brought to the Basilica of Sts. John and Paul, where a triduum of thanksgiving was held. Meanwhile, Assunta had gone to call upon the Pope, who rose to meet her, as he does only for very great personages— but who is a greater personage than the mother of a saint?—and they stayed a long

time talking about her little Maria.

Newspapermen asked her afterwards how she prepared her daughter for this great glory of sanctity. She said only, "From the beginning, I put her on the straight path and kept her there. It was simply a matter of teaching her to love God and her blessed Mother." But she was not herself without awe and incredulity before all these marvels. "Who would ever dream," she said, "*of this?*"

### ◆◆◆◆◆ Flights of Fancy ◆◆◆◆◆

The snow made popcorn balls on every tree.—*Elizabeth Seifert.*

The hardest thing to give is in.—*Office Economist.*

Feeling all dipped in sunshine.—*J. C. T.*

The wind flattened the grass with great cat licks.—*M. S. Douglas.*

Female conversation: who, what, when, wear.—*Dennis W. Foreman.*

Shadows yawn and stretch.—*James J. Metcalfe.*

If all the world's a stage, the A-bomb may be the final curtain.—*Parts Pups.*

He polished the glass until it squealed for mercy. — *Laurence Wilkinson.*

Prejudice: a vagrant opinion without visible means of support.—*Ambrose Bierce.*

Wind that shook the dark.—*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

A dog coiled bonelessly around himself like a bun.—*M. Dickens.*

Since the advent of the automobile, mankind is being pushed into two classes: the quick and the dead.—*Kreolite News.*

One of the easiest ways to wake a baby is to go to sleep.—*Franklin P. Jones.*

Carnations, crisp and fragile as starched lace.—*Ursula Curtiss.*

My feet were so cold I was walking from memory.—*Fibber McGee.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

*Some say that being a communist should be an excuse for murder*



Sacco

## A Memorial for Sacco and Vanzetti?

By EDWARD B. SIMMONS

Condensed from the  
*Standard-Times\**



Vanzetti

ONE DAY 29 years ago, Walter H. Ripley, 70, of Quincy, Mass., left home for work. He was foreman of Quincy's Water Meter Repair division. That afternoon fellow workers found his body near his workbench. He was dead, probably of a heart attack. But unusual police activity got under way. The Ripley lunchbox and coffee bottle were impounded for chemical analysis; the body was given to the medical examiner for a post-mortem. A police guard was established around the Ripley home. Such precautions, unusual now, were routine in the case of Walter Ripley. For, three months earlier, as foreman of the Sacco-Vanzetti jury, he had announced to the waiting world that the defendants had been found guilty of murder. Investigation showed that Mr. Ripley had died of natural causes. But in October, 1921, agitation over the Sacco-Vanzetti case was so great that common sense assumed that violence had caused the foreman's death so soon after the trial.

Since then, agitation has not ceased. Countless brochures, books, radio addresses, plays, poems, magazine and newspaper articles, and party manifestoes have charged that the men were innocent victims of mass hysteria. Two books on the case, one by a Supreme Court justice, the other by a Harvard Law school professor, attempt to prove that the evidence at the trial did not justify conviction. Innocent men died, they say, because they were radicals. The court and jury, they say, were prejudiced. But they did not question the one group of men who heard all of the facts at the time.

The eight known survivors of the jury say the verdict of guilty was in accordance with the evidence. They say it was a just verdict, and that they would vote the same way today as they did 30 years ago. Children of the four jurors known to be dead said their juror-parents would say the same if living.

Nicolo Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were accused of killing

*\*New Bedford, Mass. Nov. 12, 1950.*

two shoe-company employees in a street in South Braintree the afternoon of April 15, 1920. Frederick A. Parmenter, paymaster, and Alessandro Berardelli, his guard, were shot down while walking the short distance between two factories of the Slater & Morrill Shoe Co.

Near the second factory, two men who had been leaning against a fence in front of Rice & Hutchins Co., a factory which once had employed Sacco, sprang into action. A fusillade downed Berardelli; and Parmenter, who began to run across the street, was shot twice in the back. Both men died.

The two bandits grabbed pay boxes containing \$15,776 and climbed into a curtained auto which drew up. The car, containing, it is generally believed, five men, then made off toward West Bridgewater, pausing at a crossing to force the watchman by pistol threat to raise the crossing gate. Two days later the auto was recovered in a section known as Manley Woods, Bridgewater.

On the night of May 5, 1920, Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested in a streetcar bound from West Bridgewater to Brockton. Both carried loaded revolvers. Sacco had a Colt .32 caliber, containing nine cartridges, and had 23 spare bullets in his hip pocket. Vanzetti had a loaded .38-caliber revolver and four shotgun shells in a pocket.

They were indicted Sept. 28, for the murder of Parmenter and

Berardelli; trial began May 31, 1921; they were found guilty July 14, 1921, sentenced April 9, 1927, and electrocuted Aug. 23, 1927.

Within days after the arrest, their cause was espoused by radicals in New York, where Vanzetti fled before his arrest. A defense committee headed by Italian workers was formed, magazine and newspaper articles began to appear, and biographies of the two men were printed. The campaign centered, at this point, in Plymouth and surrounding communities. Halls were hired and appeals made for funds.

Sympathizers played up arrests and deportations made by the U.S. Attorney General's office in a campaign against radicals. They alleged persecution, cruelty, and witch-hunting. Gradually they built up a conception of Sacco and Vanzetti as two shining white knights being crucified for their views. By the time of the trial many sincere organizations felt that Sacco and Vanzetti could not possibly receive fair treatment in court.

It became difficult to get a jury. From the first 500 talesmen questioned, only seven were selected. Judge Webster Thayer, presiding, ordered deputies to round up an additional 200 persons. No jury in Massachusetts history was more carefully chosen. Sacco and Vanzetti were tried by a jury which represented the winnowing of 642 residents of Norfolk county. Were they unprejudiced, capable, sound men,

neither too high nor too low on the social scale for the task? A sure method of finding out is to talk to them (as I did), something no person writing about the Sacco-Vanzetti case ever took the trouble to do until now.

One was a foreman (Ripley). There were two machinists, a clothing salesman, grocer, mason, mill operative, shoe worker, last maker, a farmer and two real-estate men.

Ripley, the oldest, would now be 99; Dever, then 28, was the youngest. Six earned a livelihood with their hands. None was wealthy.

Justice Frankfurter is, more than anybody else, responsible for the widely accepted belief that Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted as radicals, not murderers. He never met nor talked to the jurors that he called unfit. He has never tried to. When he was a Harvard Law school professor, he said in the *Atlantic* of March, 1927, "In view of the temper of the times, the nature of the accusation, the opinions of the accused, the tactics of the prosecution, and the conduct of the judge, no wonder the men of Norfolk convicted Sacco and Vanzetti."

The latest book, the *Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti*, by Harvard Law school Prof. Edmund M. Morgan and G. Louis Joughin, teacher at New York's New School for Social Research, declares there was a "heavy accumulation of proof that the majority of Americans in 1921 were not well suited for serv-

ice on a jury trying social undesirables."

Mr. Dever, the clothing salesman, has an astounding memory. He has become a lawyer since the trial.

I had read Upton Sinclair's reference to him as "a Beacon St. blue blood." Sinclair said the jury was incapable of deciding the guilt of persons of such lowly estate.

"Are you a Beacon St. blue blood?" I asked Dever. His broad mouth stretched into a smile, then to red-faced laughter. He was sitting on the edge of his lodging-house bed. One foot was bandaged. He has been in and out of veterans' hospitals with traumatic arthritis caused by a 1st World War injury. He is barely able to hobble about.

"A friend told me about that," Dever said. "I'm as blue-blooded a Beacon St. resident as anybody can be who was born in the Italian section of Barre, Vt., grew up in Dorchester, stopped schooling at the 8th grade, lost his father at 11, his mother at five, and went to work at 15.

"That is typical. He took one look at my address and decided the whole jury, me especially, was a bunch of stand-pat New Englanders out to convict a couple of foreigners. My Beacon St. address was a boarding house. I was back at Filene's after army service."

How about radicalism as reason for the verdict of the famous jury?

"That had nothing to do with



it," Dever replied. "Absolutely nothing. The question never arose."

Juror Ganley, the small, spry grocer, still recalls the armed guard around his home while he was on the jury, and again in 1927, when execution date for the convicted men drew near.

"It was pretty hard on my wife. The children were young at the time.

"I was impressed by one thing," he recalled. "Judge Thayer was absolutely fearless and absolutely on the level. He was trying to do his job thoroughly, and not lean either way."

Identification testimony impressed Mr. Ganley. He recalled how Reed, the Medfield railroad-crossing tender, "was given two bawl-outs by somebody in the bandit auto for having the gates down," and got "two good looks" at some of the occupants. He identified Vanzetti as an occupant. He also told of Bostock, a machinist, who said he passed two swarthy Italians leaning on the Rice and Hutchins fence a moment before the shooting, and of Mary Splaine, who was at work near by, and identified Sacco as one of the killers. She saw the shooting from a window 60 feet away.

"It was an entirely just verdict," summed up Mr. Ganley.

Juror King, very much alive at 64, was, like Sacco, a shoe worker. Testimony on the bullets stands out in Mr. King's recollection.

Judge Thayer was "very fair. Every day he cautioned us to remember 'these men are innocent until proved guilty.' Anybody who says Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted because they were radicals and not on the evidence is all wet. We felt the defense put the radical element in to hide the issue of murder. During the whole trial, the defense was conducted on the basis of the defendants' being persecuted radicals. It must have consumed at least half of the time.

"My conscience never has troubled me. I had to come back to the factory, working with Italian shoemakers. Most of them knew Sacco in Milford. They never questioned the verdict."

George A. Gerard of Stoughton, the last maker, is more reticent than any other juror. "The outstanding thing about that trial was the judge. You can quote me on that. The fairest judge I ever saw or heard of."

Several of the jurors asked, "Have you seen Alfred Atwood yet?" He was the real-estate man. "I am absolutely satisfied no jury ever would find Sacco and Vanzetti innocent," Atwood declared.

R. Frank Waugh, a machinist, could not be located when I was questioning jury members. But he has since written my paper that he still agrees with the others.

Frank Marden is 84. Until he retired to a farm, he worked with his hands as a mason. His clearest im-

pression from the trial is "the outstanding fairness of Judge Thayer." He was impressed particularly by Pelser (whose testimony is discussed by Juror Dever later), and the bullet testimony.

At 73, Juror Seaward Parker, of Quincy, is still rarin' to go, though his machine-tool company pensioned him after 38 years. The last juror chosen, he thought it a "very fair trial by a good judge and heard by a good bunch of fellows. I can't understand why the trial went around the world. They talk of Reds being involved. There never was a mention of Red in the courtroom or among the jury. Why should we want to pick up two Reds and try to convict them of murder?" The bullets impressed him most. "That evidence sticks in your mind. You can't depend on witnesses. But the bullets—there was no getting around that evidence."

Undoubtedly the heaviest burden for jury service fell on Lewis McHardy, the mill operative. He died May 1, 1947, aged 83, almost exactly 20 years after his home was demolished with a bomb planted by Sacco and Vanzetti sympathizers. His son, John McHardy, who lives in a new home, built on the site by popular subscription of Milton residents, said his father never had any regrets. "My father was a straight shooter. He never liked to talk about the trial and avoided mentioning it. He greatly admired Judge Thayer, though, and stood up for him

whenever the occasion demanded."

J. Frank McNamara, dairy farmer, died in 1931, aged 74, firm in his belief, his son said, that the verdict was called for.

Wallace Hersey was 81 when he died in 1924. As with others who are gone, the family was pleased that no connection with the trial was mentioned in his obituary. "He thought they had a square deal," said Miss Mary E. Hersey, a daughter.

George W. Ripley, of Braintree, son of Walter Ripley, recalls how uneasy his mother was over having a police patrol at the family home. Younger members of the family tried to intercept threatening letters, but some reached Mrs. Ripley and heightened her distress.

Juror Dever has no need of having his memory refreshed. He went down the list of evidence as if he had a memorandum on the bureau beside his bed—which he did not.

"As far as I know, the prosecution never offered any evidence that they were communists or slackers," he said. "But when Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested they lied as to what they were doing with loaded guns. They gave conflicting stories, afterward proved untrue. There was no argument about that. The defense admitted they lied. When the prosecution pointed to this as consciousness of guilt, the defense, not the prosecution, introduced the fact that as radicals and slackers they feared arrest."

I asked Mr. Dever what evidence he considered most important. "No single piece of evidence determined the verdict. The pieces fitted into a chain of evidence, which, to my mind, was pretty strong. For instance, the testimony on rarity of the bullets.

"It was a .32-caliber Winchester bullet that killed Berardelli. The prosecution's ballistics expert said he thought the bullet had been fired from the Colt .32 found on Sacco when arrested. He had fired some Winchester bullets with the Sacco pistol to compare markings.

"Then the defense ballistics expert, Burns, testified he did not think the fatal bullet had been fired from Sacco's gun. District Attorney Katzmman asked Burns why he had not used Winchester bullets to test Sacco's gun. Burns replied that he could not find any bullets like the fatal one because it was of a rare old-fashioned type. 'Did you make a thorough effort to find matching Winchester bullets for your test?' Burns was asked. 'I tried all over New England.'

"And then Burns looked down at a man sitting near by," Dever continued, "and added, 'I even contacted my colleague, Mr. Fitzgerald here, of the Remington company, and there were none in the company's stocks. Mr. Fitzgerald will back up my statement.'

"Fitzgerald did support Burns' statement," said Dever. "Those old bullets were unobtainable on the

market. But do you know who had some? Sacco, when arrested, was carrying 23, I believe it was, extra bullets, and some were the identical, old-fashioned, unobtainable Winchester .32-caliber bullets, exact duplicates of the one which killed Berardelli. Call that circumstantial evidence, if you will. But in many cases, circumstantial evidence is better than direct evidence.

"Remember Louis Pelser's testimony? Pelser was wearing a blue-serge suit, even though it was summer, and perspiring heavily. He said he had been at work in a shoe factory overlooking the scene of the murders, and heard a shot. He looked out the window. He remembered the window had been half open, and that they had not been able to free that particular window for some days. Pelser said he saw a man with a gun bending over another man who was kneeling in the street. He saw the armed man shoot the other man. Then Pelser said the armed man looked up at him, flourished his gun. Pelser testified that he ducked, but looked up again in time to see and jot down the robbers' auto-license number as it sped away.

"Pelser was asked whether he could identify the man who did the shooting. He said Yes. He was asked whether that man was in the courtroom. He said Yes. He was asked if he could point him out. He said Yes. And he pointed to Sacco.

"Vanzetti had a lot of witnesses who testified he was in Plymouth selling eels the day of the murder. I remember one. Judged on appearance, he probably was the most effective. He seemed to be a pretty good fellow. Funny, I can't remember his name. Anyway he said he saw Vanzetti there that day. He remembered the day especially because he was fixing his boat. The prosecution tried; they could not shake his testimony. He was convinced it was April 15.

"Katzmann had about given up. In fact he was on his way back to his seat, when he turned to the witness, an Italian like the others who appeared for Vanzetti, and asked 'Are you sure, positively sure, it was April 15 that you saw the defendant in Plymouth?'

"Well, I was not too positive myself," replied the witness, 'but I remember coming up on the train with a defense lawyer and we agreed it ought to be April 15.'"

"It is irritating," said Dever, "but the books by Sacco and Vanzetti sympathizers leave out that last statement, when talking about this positive witness for Vanzetti."

The Sacco-Vanzetti jury's service was not closed with the trial. For the next six years its members endured vilification and threats from the condemned men's supporters. Agitation carried to every corner of the globe.

In this maelstrom, the communist press was the vortex. Its tirades

knew no bounds. It helped raise more than \$360,000 for the defense committees. It called the jury incompetent, prejudiced, vindictive witch-hunters. Judge Thayer received the worst of the epithets.

By 1927, sympathizers of Sacco and Vanzetti attained an objective. So great had been the torrent of criticism that many level-headed persons who normally might have permitted the law to take its course were led to doubt the fairness of the trial. The clamor for a new trial became immense.

Three times, motions for a new trial were argued before Judge Thayer; they were denied. Twice the defense went to the state supreme court on complaints that Judge Thayer erred in denying admission of so-called new evidence. The high court upheld the jurist.

Sacco was in and out of the insane asylum. Vanzetti's sanity was questioned. A convicted murderer from New Bedford confessed in the death house to the South Braintree holdup and killings and said Sacco and Vanzetti were not implicated. His account was checked and thrown out as false.

In 1927, Governor Fuller appointed President Lowell of Harvard, President Stratton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Judge Robert A. Grant to an advisory board to review the case. This group called in the jury members separately.

Governor Fuller summoned jury

members singly for his own review. Mr. Dever said he was questioned in the presence of a stenographer. Then the governor took him aside, out of earshot of everybody else, put his arm on his shoulder and asked if there was any matter Dever would like to get off his chest about the trial.

The governor also asked what part of the evidence Dever thought the most conclusive. Mr. Dever said there was no particular thing. A verdict of guilty was the only possible one and the just one.

The governor's advisory board had three questions to answer: 1. Was the trial fairly conducted? 2. Was evidence discovered after the trial of such importance that a new trial was warranted? 3. Were members of the board convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of the murders?

Having read 7,000 pages of testimony and talked to 102 witnesses and the jury, the board found in the affirmative on the first and third questions and in the negative on the second, all by unanimous votes. Their report was made public Aug. 6, 1927.

On April 9, 1927, Sacco and Vanzetti were sentenced to die the week of July 10. In the next 17 days, appeals were taken to 14 justices in four courts. Judge Broadhurst in Suffolk Co. refused a stay; Chief Justice Walter P. Hall, of the Superior court, refused to appoint

a new judge to hear a new trial motion; Judge George A. Sander-son, of the state supreme court, refused a habeas corpus writ; Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the U.S. Supreme Court, and Judge George W. Anderson, of the U.S. district court, refused habeas corpus.

The full bench of the State Supreme court heard exceptions to Judge Thayer's denial of a new trial, and denied the exceptions.

Then the defendants' counsel went to the U.S. Supreme Court. First, Justice Brandeis refused a stay, then Justice Stone, and finally, Chief Justice Taft declined to return from Canada.

Final appeal was to Judge James A. Lowell of the U.S. district court and, again, to Judge Anderson on Aug. 22. The next day Sacco and Vanzetti were electrocuted, while 800 police armed with machine guns, gas bombs, and high-pressure hoses stood guard around the prison.

The controversy has continued. Justice Frankfurter is now silent, but his lead is being followed by a group including Philip Murray of the CIO, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Walter Reuther of the CIO Auto Workers, Senator Herbert H. Lehman of New York, and Prof. Arthur M. Schlesinger of Harvard. They sponsored a "manifesto" in 1947 and are trying to set up a memorial bas-relief to Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston Common.



Death has appointments in strange places

# Sick Calls Come at 2 A.M.

By E. ROBERTS MOORE

Condensed from a book\*

**T**HE SICK CALL is the major reason why at least one priest is always "on duty" in every large parish. "Is any man sick among you," wrote St. James, "let him bring in the priests of the Church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord."

Often the call for the priest comes in a real emergency. The priest's stole and his little book and his holy oils must be where he can find them without a moment's delay.

My own first sick call was really no sick call at all. I was in New York City on my way back to the seminary from the cathedral the day I was ordained. The oils of the ceremony were literally not dry upon my hands. Somewhere in the 70's at Lexington Ave. the car ahead of us struck a woman as she

crossed the street, and hurled her against the curb. With a shrieking of brakes our car came to a stop. For a moment we sat there stunned,

five brand new priests. Then suddenly somebody cried out, "We're priests." Probably because I was nearest to the door, I was the first out. Down in the street beside the poor prostrate body I knelt, stumbling over the form of absolution, using it for the first time:

"*Si capax* (if you are capable of receiving this sacrament), *ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.* (I absolve you from your sins, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.)

That was conditional absolution. Conditional, because I could not know, under the circumstances, whether she had ever been bap-



\*Roman Collar. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Reprinted with permission of the Macmillan Co., New York City. 251 pp. \$3.

### *Long and Late*

**O**FTEN, during great disasters, every priest in the area comes to the scene, and works to the point of exhaustion. More than 50 priests ministered to the dead and dying in the Richmond Hill wreck on the Long Island railroad which took 78 lives. Two priests from Richmond Hill were there in a few minutes, and others began arriving shortly thereafter. Several remained until the last victim was removed. Many went to hospitals, administering last rites, consoling relatives, and helping to care for the injured.

NCWC (16 Dec. '50).

tized, nor whether she would have been sorry for the sins of which she may have been guilty. Absolution, and not Extreme Unction, too, because I did not have with me, of course, the holy oils used in anointing. But that would be taken care of later in the hospital to which she would be taken.

With that I climbed back into the car, sobered and shaken at the sight of death striking so suddenly, and at this first exercise of my priestly power. It was a sobering thought, too, that for the rest of my life, whenever I should hear the crash of two cars meeting or see flames coming from tenement windows, or come across a little knot of people clustered around a figure

prostrate on the sidewalk, there would be for me a summons.

My first real sick call, after being assigned to parish work, was simple and sweet and sad. It was a little girl, only 12, who not a very long time before had made her first holy Communion. She had diabetes, and there was no hope for her. Her mother came to the rectory, asking that a priest come down and see her. I went back with the mother and talked with the child. With beautiful simplicity and no fear, she told me that she was going to heaven to see Jesus and Mary, and would I please bring Jesus down to her once more before she went. I went back to the church to get the blessed Sacrament and the holy oils, and on my return heard her innocent little confession, gave her Viaticum, and anointed her. She died a few days later, and I know she went straight to heaven.

My next case was different. Just as I came across the street from Mass one morning, a police car dashed up to the door. "Father," said the driver, "hurry down; there's been a terrible accident on Greenwich St." I rushed in for my oils, and in nothing flat was back again, not even having taken time out to change from my cassock into ordinary street clothes. On the way down, the driver told me what had happened. An El express had run into an open switch and gone over onto the local track, colliding with a train that was running parallel

to it. The first car of the local had been pushed completely off the track and down into the street. I was sick and weak in my knees even before I got there. A dozen ambulances had been summoned. Internes, drivers, police, and volunteers were working in the wreckage, lifting out and laying in rows the mangled, shattered forms; sorting out as best they could the dead and the dying. I had to elbow my way through samaritans and curious onlookers alike. I went from one to another of the poor stricken souls, breadwinners most of them, who had left their homes so short a time before, full of health and strength for another day at their office or shop; now, in a moment, a cruel death had overtaken many of them. Others would live but would go through life carrying marks of that dreadful morning. Over and over again I murmured the words of the short form of Extreme Unction and gave to each conditional absolution. I had blood all over me by the time I finished the gruesome task. I was sick and shaken, but somehow felt that now at last I was fully a priest: I had truly had my baptism of service.

My parish assignment was to St. Peter's. Since there are but few people actually living within the borders of the parish, most sick calls are of the emergency type, street accidents and the like. Tragically often, the entry made in our sick-call record book upon return from

such a call is a laconic "D. O. A." (dead on arrival). I had one call, however, that I will always remember, when the entry should have been "He would not die." A taxi and a horse-drawn delivery wagon had collided. The taxi must have been moving fast, for the shaft of the delivery wagon had gone through its front window, fortunately missing the driver, but piercing the chest of the unfortunate passenger and pinning him to the rear of the cab. The ambulance arrived just when I did, but all the interne could do was to administer a powerful hypodermic to ease the pain of the sufferer, who was completely conscious. I, in the meantime, climbed in beside him, heard his confession, gave him absolution and anointed him right where he was.

The question now was, "What next?" The poor fellow was like a bird on a spit, completely transfixed and held prisoner by the shaft. It was the fire department that solved the problem. From a truck which had been summoned, a saw was produced. In front of him and behind him the shaft was sawed through. The poor fellow was lifted from the cab, section of shaft and all, placed in the ambulance, and taken to Beekman St. hospital. Here the shaft was removed. Incredible though it may seem, it had missed all vital organs. The man recovered!

Most emergency calls seem to

come after midnight from the extreme end of the parish and on pouring-wet nights. These midnight calls are of every possible variety; they vary from the grotesque to the highly dramatic.

One time the phone rang at two or three in the morning. This time it was a young fellow in the parish whom I knew slightly and about

### ***All the Late Calls Are Not Sick Calls***

*His* phone rang many times every Saturday night, often into the wee hours—not sick calls, just needless inquiries about the time of the morning Masses. Something had to be done.

No sooner had the pastor fallen asleep this night, when the phone rang again and a sweet voice inquired, "Father, what time's the six-o'clock Mass?" Glancing at the clock, he was not surprised to find both hands high in horror—pointing to 12.

With heroic patience and a forced smile upon his sleepy face, the pastor replied ever so gently, "Just call me back in about two hours."

"In two hours, Father!" came the startled voice. "Why in two hours I'll be asleep!"

"Yeh," boomed the pastor, now wide awake, "what do you think I've been doing since 11 o'clock?"

Clelta Posey

whom I was a little worried because of the company that he kept. Quite evidently this night he was very much frightened. "Father," he said hurriedly, "This is so and so, but don't ever let anybody know that I called you."

"What is it, Danny," I asked, "what is it?"

"Over there on West St.," he said, "such and such a number, you know the place, it's a water-front dive, there's a fellow in Room 8, a sailor, dying of pneumonia, and they think he has some money in his trunk, so they're letting him die to get their hands on it. But he's a Catholic, Father, and I can't let a Catholic die without the priest. But don't tell I called you," he cried again as he hung up, "they'd kill me."

I thanked him, got into my clothes, and hurried over. "What d'yer want?" was the greeting I received from a tough-looking night watchman when I arrived at my destination. As he asked, he spat in the general direction of a much used cuspidor. He didn't make it. "I'm a priest," I said. "I'm looking for a sick man. He's got pneumonia, and he's in Room 8."

"Get going, buddy," said my friend, walking slowly over to me. "We haven't got any sick people around here and we wouldn't want you around if we had."

He was a tough-looking customer, and it was a tough-looking place. A shabby registration desk

was in one corner; a filthy bar in the other. It reeked of stale liquor and cigarette smoke; a smoky night light added no particular charm to the scene. But I was too young to be afraid; perhaps I didn't know enough.

He looked at me for a long minute or two and then said, "O. K., buddy, go ahead; it's your funeral." So up the stairs and down the hall I went, counting the doors until I thought I had gotten to the right one. I knocked, not expecting an answer, then pushed the door open. But it was not the right one, and sinister though the whole place was, I was ill prepared for what I found. With the flickering rays of a street light just outside the window falling uncertainly upon him so that it looked as if he moved, there, half kneeling on the floor, his back resting against a chair, his head thrown back, was a man, or what had been a man, for his throat was cut from ear to ear and he had been dead for days!

I was scared enough now. I dashed down the stairs, past the guardian of the portal and out into the street, looking for a patrol car. Ultimately I found one and, thus reinforced, went back. The man at the door had disappeared by now and never was found; to the best of my knowledge the case of the dead man in Room 8 is still a mystery.

The sailor with pneumonia? Oh, yes, we found him, too, and his

trunk, with \$600 in it. We took him to a hospital, where he died in a couple of days. But we were able to give him all the last rites of the Church, and later located a needy sister, to whom we turned over the trunk with all of its contents.

Another story concerns little Johnnie O'Brien and his friends, and too much of an election-night celebration. Again it was well after midnight when the phone aroused me. There had been a taxi accident some ten blocks away from the parish house. At least, I reflected as I glanced out the window, it was not raining. I got to the scene of the accident as quickly as I could, beating both ambulance and patrol wagon. I found the remains of a taxi draped around an elevated railroad pillar that stood in the middle of the street. Lying in the street, and groaning, bloody from head to foot and evidently seriously hurt, was one of the victims. Standing guard over him, bloody and bruised, too, but on his feet, was little Johnnie O'Brien. Grouped around him, nursing multiple but apparently not serious injuries, were his gang, four or five of the toughest customers I have ever seen. On the curb looking on were a dozen or so idlers; you would wonder where they had come from, for New York's downtown streets are dark and deserted at night, especially on holidays. One poor cop, a young rookie, was standing by, nervously hoping that his



reinforcements would soon arrive.

Little Johnnie spied me first, and summoned me. He obviously considered himself in complete charge, completely ignoring the representative of New York's Finest. "Here he is, Father," he said, prodding with his toe the poor groaning bundle at his feet. "He's a good Catholic, Father; fix him up." Then to his pal, "Stop the noise, Mack; here's the priest." Then back to me, "Go ahead, Father."

I wasn't too sure now how good a Catholic Mack might be, but it was my business to find out, and, after all, the worse a Catholic he was the more reason for my ministrations. So I knelt down in the street.

I finished my task, and stood brushing the dirt off my knees. Johnnie, apparently, had very deep faith in the effectiveness of Extreme Unction, including the effect of possible physical recovery of the patient. "Come on, fellows," he said, "get him up and let's get going." Despite the pleas of the poor

fellow on the street to be let alone, two of Johnnie's burly associates got hold of him and started to boost him to his feet. Orders from Johnnie, apparently, were orders. With that, the rookie cop came into action. "Leave him alone, you. Don't you see he's all washed up?"

But nobody pushed Johnnie around. Like a flash his hand went to his pocket, and at that moment the cop was closer to death than the injured gangster. But Church and state worked together this once at least and much to the advantage of the state. I grabbed Johnnie's arm, knowing that I as a priest was safe. "Lay off him, Johnnie," I told him, "you're in trouble enough now." For a moment he hesitated and glared at me, while I got butterflies in my stomach. Then, "O. K., Father," he said, and the moment was past. Shortly afterwards, the ambulance arrived, and with it the reserves, and Johnnie and all his pals were tumbled in together to be patched up and otherwise appropriately disposed of.

## Model Girl

**L**ast year Patricia Dowd was a student at Notre Dame Academy on Staten Island. Today she is a Conover model. Reasons: She won the talent-beauty contest at Our Lady of Lourdes summer camp. She persuaded her mother to let her try modeling. She reduced to the proper weight of 117 pounds. She spent two months learning to walk properly. This is how she now earns her living. ♦



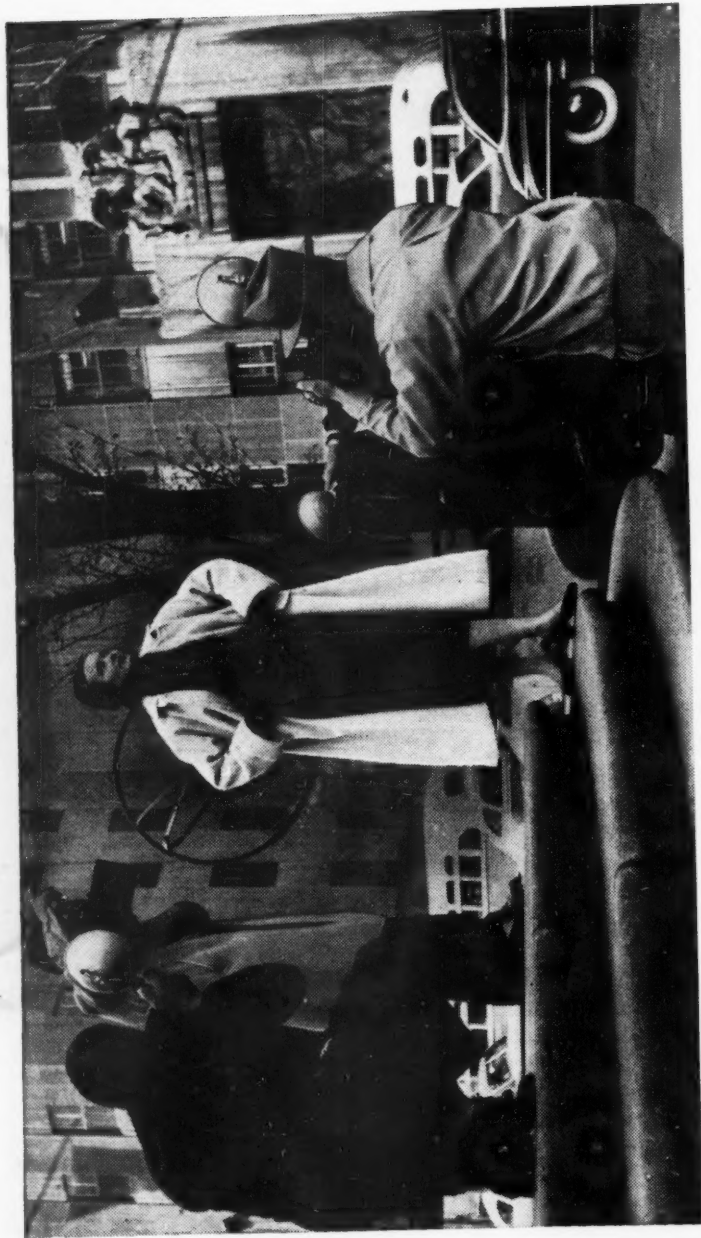
**She has just had a call from the agency to pose as a schoolgirl. Her mother, like all mothers, says "Hurry." Getting from Brooklyn to Park Ave. takes time.**



At 5th Ave. and 50th St. she finds she is early, according to her appointment book. Almost every model in New York carries a hat-box like Patt's.

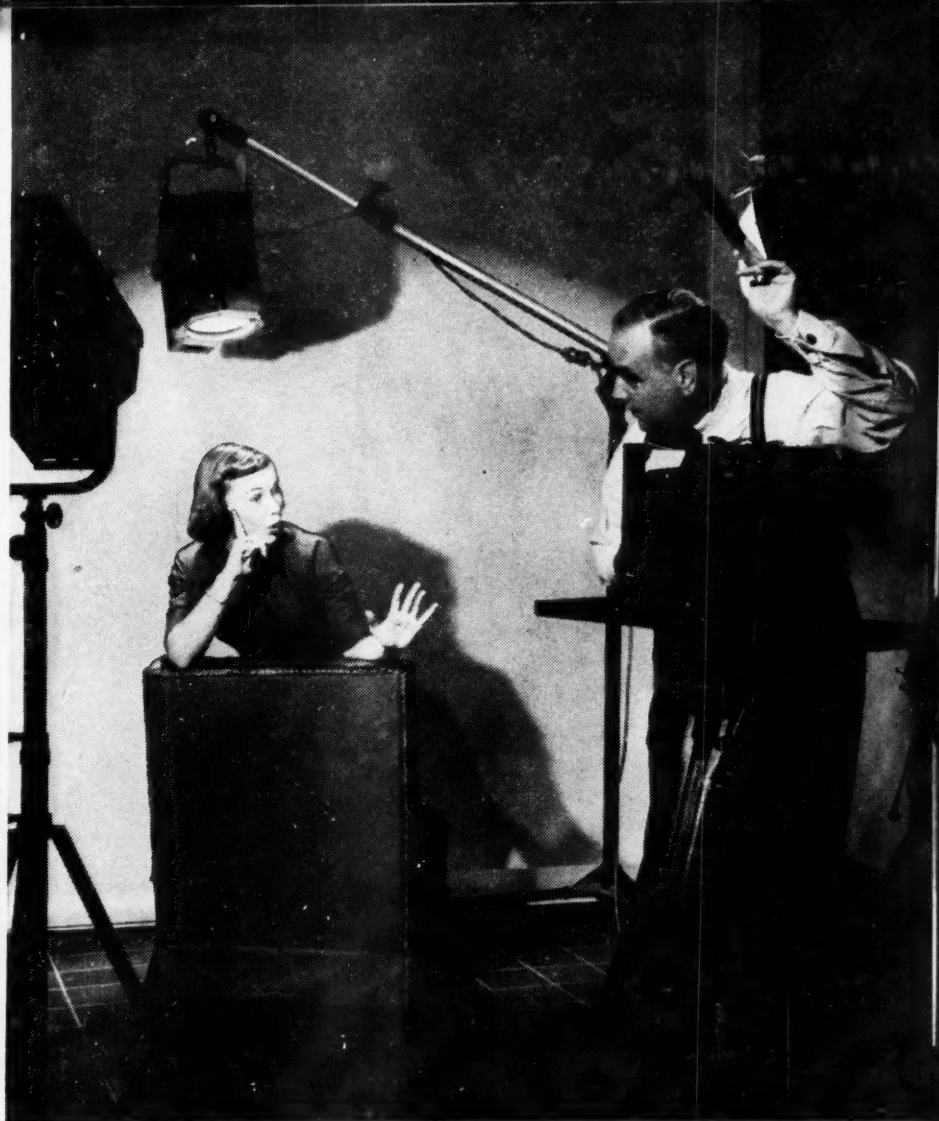


**She goes into St. Patrick's cathedral to pray a while. Her life is not as gay as it might appear. She is better chaperoned and protected than most working girls.**



**Outside the cathedral she meets three photographers, who take her picture just for fun. They will give her prints for her scrapbook. The skyscrapers are part of Rockefeller Center.**





**Ben de Brocke** snaps one of many "pics" of the schoolgirl. **Patt** is 18, makes \$15 an hour when she does this kind of work.



**Last hour of the day is for exercise. The Plaza of the Nations in Rockefeller Center has a fabulous sunken skating rink.**



**At a subway newsstand Patt stops to buy a magazine. Such a model as Patt can always be spotted by the hatbox, the scrapbook of pictures in her left arm, and, of course, by the CATHOLIC DIGEST!**

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*From the ground or from the sky the bomb was horrifying,  
but now people pray where it fell*

## Atom Bomber and a Victim

By GRETTA PALMER

Condensed from the *American Legion Magazine*\*

**R**ECENTLY, in a New York hotel room, two men met for the first time. To the question: "Where were you on the morning of Aug. 6, 1945?" they had the same answer to make.

"Hiroshima! In the plane that dropped the bomb," said Capt. Robert A. Lewis, co-pilot of the historic B-29, the *Enola Gay*.

"Hiroshima! Breakfasting in the rectory of our church," said Father Hubert F. Schiffer, S.J., one of the few European victims of the bomb.

"For five years I have looked forward to meeting someone who saw it from the ground," said Captain Lewis.

"I have wanted for five years to meet someone who was in the plane," said Father Schiffer, a German Jesuit priest so badly injured by the explosion that he was able to leave his sickbed only after many months.<sup>1</sup>

"And you are all right now?" the American asked.

"Oh, there are ten or 15 radioactive glass splinters in my back

<sup>1</sup>See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Nov. '50, p. 108; Dec. '50, p. 93.



they still don't dare remove," the young priest shrugged. "Don't let that worry you."

"Well," said the pilot, "it doesn't make me feel too good."

The two men are both in their early 30's. The priest is studying labor relations at Fordham university, preparing for his return to mission work in Japan. Robert Lewis is personnel manager of Henry Heide, Inc., a New York candy firm. Both, then, are in the field of labor and its relations. Both have also strong convictions as to the need for peace, and both hope that the bomb itself will bring the dread of war so close to statesmen's hearts that peace will be assured.

But the two survivors of Hiro-

shima share smaller and more intimate memories. That odd taste when the bomb went off, for instance. Neither of them could describe it; neither of them had found anyone else who shared that memory until now. And they had other things to talk about.

Captain Lewis had prepared for the Hiroshima drop for months; from September of 1944, when he was secretly alerted for the "biggest project the Air Force will have to do." He was briefed at a hush-hush conference in Utah on how to fly a bomb which Army officials expected would end the war. The captain, even then, was an expert on the new B-29's. Captain Lewis met with scientists who told him of the symbol "U235" when only a handful of high government officials knew what it meant. He was trained to drop the bomb before the bomb was even made.

The preparations for the historic flight began in Wendover, Utah, at a flying field where security precautions were almost neurotic. The town chosen had more army intelligence men in residence than its peacetime citizens (only 100 men and women, bewildered at what was going on). No more than two atomic scientists were allowed out of Wendover on any of the experimental flights; certain scientists were judged so valuable they could never fly at all. When secret flights were made to Los Alamos, N.M., Air Force officers wore false insignia;

many took a roundabout route.

The 509 Composite Group was the hush-hush outfit's final name; it was activated in December of 1944, trained in Cuba and in California. The ship herself came from the factory labeled 6292, but was given the more glamorous name of *Enola Gay* on her fateful mission.

"There were times," Captain Lewis said, "when I wanted to go back to flying Piper Cubs. The scientists couldn't tell us whether the bomb would explode the plane or not. They 'thought' a safe distance would be three and a half miles away. Half of them—only half—expected the crew to survive!"

On Aug. 6, 1945, President Truman had just left Potsdam, where he had been in conference with Stalin, Churchill, and later, Attlee. The President wanted the Potsdam warning to Japan to be dramatized by the dropping of the bomb on Aug. 2. Weather conditions caused four days' delay. But every morning for those four days the crew of 12 men were alerted at dawn; every day until the 6th the weather closed down. On that morning, however, the skies were clear. The operations officers reported good conditions ahead. The big flight was on.

There were three planes in the group that took off at 3 A.M. that day: the bomb ship, an instrument plane, and a photographic plane which followed them several miles behind. The planes arranged to



rendezvous at Iwo Jima, where a substitute plane was waiting in case trouble should develop en route. Three weather ships had taken off an hour ahead to scout the three targets chosen as possibilities: Nagasaki, Kokura, and Hiroshima. They reported—only 40 minutes before the *Bombs away!*—that the weather was best around Hiroshima. It was that slight matter of air currents and wind that thus determined the destiny of 400,000 people, including Father Schiffer.

The priest's preparation for Aug. 6 had been a great deal less elaborate than the captain's: he expected just another day. He had been studying in Tokyo since 1935 and had only recently been ordained. The living conditions in Tokyo at that time were difficult; nightly bombings made sleep a near impossibility and the young priest was sent, by his superiors, to the "quiet" town of Hiroshima for a rest. Here he was to work at the Jesuit church of the Assumption of Our Lady.

On the morning of Aug. 6, Father Schiffer was quietly reading a Japanese newspaper at his breakfast table when the world went white about him.

"It happened that way up above, too," said Captain Lewis. "The glare when the bomb burst was so brilliant, the sun seemed pale."

"I know now," the priest added gravely, "quite enough about what hell looks like to make my meditations on that subject with no

prompting from the spiritual books."

Captain Lewis has a vivid memory of all that happened in the air after the target was reached, after the *Bombs away!* "Then," the captain recalls, "we made a sharp turn to the right, as the scientists had warned us to. We were flying manually by instruments at above 30,000 feet.

Then, just 43 seconds after we had dropped it, the A-bomb exploded 1800 feet above the ground. I felt a flash through my whole body; the scientists later said it was the 'ozone effect.' Then there were two distinct slaps at the ship about 20 seconds after the flash.

"The light was at my back, but even so it stunned me. It was fiercer than the sun on that bright and sunny day. Yet by that time we were maybe eight miles from the explosion. We had to get away fast to avoid the bomb effects ourselves. But later we could look back and see the mushroom.

"It looked as if the whole city were covered with boiling smoke. In three minutes it got up as high as 30,000 feet. We could see the flames below crawling up the mountains and covering the bridges and tributary rivers. It seemed impossible to comprehend.

"I thought, 'My God! What have we done? If I live a hundred years, I'll never be able to get this moment out of my mind.' I guess I never will. We thought the Japa-

nese might have surrendered by the time we got back to our base. It seemed like something out of Buck Rogers.

"Oh, I'd dropped bombs before, some of the largest. But at 30,000 feet they make tiny little puffs of smoke when they explode. This was different. This was awful. Back at the base I slept for 20 hours. But later I didn't sleep much. I'd lie awake thinking, 'What if the bomb had gone off in the plane? What if we had lost a wing?' Only half the scientists ever expected the crew to survive, remember. Yet none of us had even combat fatigue. It was a small sacrifice to end a war—on the winners' part, anyway. Nobody connected with the bomb had to lose his life.

"But of course the loss of life in that city was terrible. We had picked it because it was an important Japanese headquarters. The Second Imperial Command was there."

"Yes," said Father Schiffer gently. "But that was just on paper. Hiroshima was a debarkation point for China, with about 100,000 Japanese soldiers stationed there. But there were no big military installations. It was a city of 400,000 civilians; of those at least 200,000 died."

"Good heavens," said Captain Lewis, "that many?"

"Yes," replied the priest. "The Japanese official figures minimized the loss at the ridiculous figure of 80,000. We knew better."

The pilot nodded. "I could see trolleys and little bridges going up, I don't know how many."

"Forty-two bridges were destroyed," said Father Schiffer.

"Did you hear the bomb coming down?"

"I heard nothing," Father Schiffer replied, "not the plane, nor any impact. That scared me most when I recovered consciousness. I lay there waiting for the next bombs to drop, the way they always had in raids before. The silence was the most appalling thing of all: no screams, no air-raid signals, no fire engines rushing past."

"Did you have any sensation of heat?"

"I don't remember; anyway, it was a very hot day. But when I regained my sight, I looked about, and tried to count the fires. There are always fires in those wooden cities of Japan. I counted 16 in the first ten minutes. By that time it had become very cloudy, but I didn't look up nor see the mushroom."

"There was too much to hold my eyes to the earth: blood in the streets and flattened houses with no living men about. It didn't look nice."

"I went back to Japan after the war," said Captain Lewis, "and the Japanese in Tokyo had an unexpected reaction. They seemed grateful for it. They called it 'God's Wind' and said it had saved many lives by bringing an end to the war."

Father Schiffer slowly nodded.

"I know," he said. "We thought we knew the Japanese psychology well after 15 years, but their reaction at Hiroshima amazed even us. The survivors there felt their city had been given a unique honor, that of suffering in order to bring peace to the world. They look upon their 200,000 dead as willing victims, as heroes sacrificed for peace."

"Were the survivors themselves crippled by radioactivity?"

"No," said Father Schiffer, "not unless they had had specific injuries. Many Hiroshima citizens were bald, some for years, but now their hair has been restored. There was no sterility effect, according to the doctors on the spot, and no increase in the birth of abnormal babies.

"The survivors of Hiroshima are scarcely worse off physically today than before the bomb. Spiritually, they are far, far better."

"And what do you mean by that, Father?" asked Captain Lewis.

"Well," said the priest, "it is a happy ending. I'll tell you. The Japanese Diet has allotted funds to build a University of Hiroshima as a symbol of peace. That in itself is startling. But much more than that is going on. Our missionaries there were recently approached by a committee of leading citizens, Buddhists, for the most part. Before the war this city was predominantly

Buddhist. Well, these men approached our rector and asked if we would build a 'palace of prayer' for peace right where the A-bomb fell. He was also asked if he would supply lecturers to speak in Buddhist monasteries near by. Conversions to Christianity are soaring and the 'palace of prayer,' a shrine for our Lady, is to be built."

Already Father Schiffer has built an orphanage at Hiroshima where 65 children are being cared for, and this is to be expanded to a general hospital in time.

And so the effects of the A-bomb on Hiroshima have included things that never crossed the minds of the General Staff in Washington, nor of the scientists who discovered how to release the devil that uranium contains, nor, certainly, of the B-29 crew. For peace and love and prayer will mark the spot, forever, where the A-bomb fell.

"Will you fly back to Hiroshima when we open our shrine, captain?" asked the priest gently. "Will you try to borrow a B-29 and land it at the spot you saw go up in smoke before?"

"Will I?" said Captain Lewis. "Will I? If I can do that, and maybe bring a planeload of candy from America for those kids, I'll never have nightmares again over the damage that we had to do that day."

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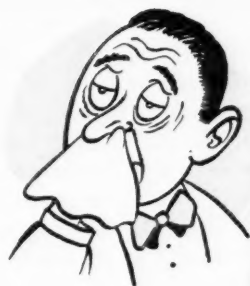
**M**INDS, like parachutes, function only when open.  
The Savior's Call (Sept. '50)

*One of the best ingredients of cough medicine is  
what they call psychotherapeutic*

## Let Your Nose Run

By JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

Condensed chapter of a book\*



**P**OSTNASAL DRIP" only sounds humorous. It really is an affliction, rivaling "athlete's foot," and is the current American nightmare. Patients speak of it in hushed tones, as if it made them socially disgusting. Yet it is not new. It is the "catarrh" of our fathers and the "rheum" of our great-grandfathers. But, in many instances, the postnasal drip, about which a patient may complain, is simply evidence that everything is working well in the nose.

The doctor's prescription, used longer than it should be, keeps many a nose in trouble. Sometimes a drug causes trouble. The constricting kinds come first, because they open the nose. But the very opening you seek causes overventilation and drying. Sometimes the preservative in the prescription causes irritation; among these phenol, menthol, eucalyptol, and above all chloro-butenol are the offenders. This type of drip is self-imposed. When it comes to self-medication, the watchword is "The

less you take, the better for you."

Aside from stuffiness in head and sinuses, when a cold strikes, you usually suffer aches and miseries all over. Your head may pound. You may feel hot and cold.

No standard treatment is suitable for all patients, and each physician has his own pet ideas. Take, for example, hot baths. For ordinary muscular aches and pains, a hot tub bath is better than most medicines in bringing you relief. Yet, some physicians oppose hot tub baths for a common cold because they may weaken you, and invite secondary infections. Other doctors, on the other hand, go so far as to claim (unofficially, of course, not in published articles where proof is demanded) that if you take a tub bath early in the development of a common cold it may shorten the attack if not turn it aside.

Does the hot toddy really help you, or does it just make you feel better? There is no scientific proof that it does either, and a doctor's advice must be based on his per-

\*Your Coughs, Colds and Wheezes. Copyright, 1949. Reprinted with permission of Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York City. 277 pp. \$2.95.

sonal opinions. Alcohol has one advantage: it causes the blood vessels of the skin to dilate. Thus it helps bring blood to parts that may be chilled. Alcohol in reasonable doses provides comfort, brings on drowsiness and desire to rest. But it slows the action of the cilia that keep things like dust moving out of your bronchial tubes. And animals, anyway, plied with alcohol, are far more susceptible to pneumonia than when they are sober.

Aspirin does nothing to shorten a cold. It does help you rest more quietly. The amount of aspirin to be taken varies considerably from patient to patient. You might take one or two tablets and feel better right away; others might need eight or ten for any real relief. One word of warning: prolonged need for aspirin to relieve the pains of a cold (especially the so-called chest cold) is an indication that all is not well. The chronic aspirin swallower had better see his doctor.

Of the various cold tablets that you can buy without a doctor's prescription, practically none do you any more good than aspirin. Some "dry up" a cold by cutting down on the patient's secretions. If taken in large enough quantities, such tablets not only make your nose feel dry, but also parch your mouth and throat, and may make your heart flutter. Such medication is like stopping the flow of water in a fire hose while trying to fight a fire. The nose secretions

during a cold tend to wash away the invading germ; stopping these secretions may give you temporary comfort, but it certainly isn't sensible.

Other patented cold tablets contain a laxative. A statement on the label usually assures you that its "gentle" laxation helps "rid the body of dangerous poisons." As a matter of fact, only a few accurate experiments have been made with laxative drugs in the management of colds. These tests have never demonstrated that laxatives really shorten colds or improve your condition. Taking of a laxative for the treatment of a cold is not backed up either by science or common sense.

What you eat or drink during a cold makes little difference. If you are a reasonably healthy person and you come down with a cold you are going to be sick only a few days, so it does not matter much whether you eat heartily or lightly. You should take sufficient fluids for comfort, but you gain nothing by keeping your kidneys in perpetual motion, so to speak. Hot drinks induce perspiration, and may bring you comfort; but the next person may be made miserable by soaked pajamas and sheets. Your best course is the one that helps you rest. Nature will ordinarily take care of you if you are resting.

In the uncomplicated cold, fever is never too high and hardly ever



runs above 102°. If your temperature is higher than this or if it stays up for more than a day or two, then suspect complications, and call the doctor. A mild fever on the first few days of a cold is quite common, and is no cause for alarm. Doctors know that the immune forces of the body very often are more active in the presence of a slight fever.

A cough, like fever, very often serves a useful purpose, and it is not to be stopped without giving the matter some thought. Each blast of air from the lungs (for that is what a cough is) serves to remove mucus, destroyed portions of lining of the bronchial tubes, pus, and invading germs. If this cleansing blast is suppressed too effectively, then these secretions stagnate within the lungs and are in a position to cause more serious damage.

"Most cough remedies," says Dr. Hobart A. Reimann of Philadelphia, "are inheritances of folklore." And, indeed, they are. "Yet," says Dr. Reimann, "many patients demand a 'cough mixture' from their doctor, purchase one at the drug store or make their own. Few other discomforts are so widely exploited by commercial interests as coughing."

Cough medicines are roughly divided into two classes, expectorants and sedatives. Among the first are those designed to "break up a cough" and make it "loose." In the second class are those intended to

quiet a cough. The most important ingredient in most of the sedative cough mixtures prescribed by doctors is a narcotic drug, codeine. As narcotics go, this one is not particularly bad, and many patients have remained on codeine cough mixtures for a long time with no evidence of addiction. Yet, since there is a possibility that it may be habit-forming, no person should take any cough medicine, no matter how little codeine it contains, without a physician's prescription. Such narcotics as morphine, ethylmorphine, pantopon, dilaudid, and hycodan are generally regarded as being more habit forming. You get them only through a doctor's prescription. These narcotics may quiet a cough more readily than codeine but they are also more dangerous. Besides, practically all narcotics have two other objectionable features.

The first objection is that they quiet the cough center in the brain; they lull it to sleep. As a result, secretions may accumulate to a dangerous degree in the lungs. Codeine is not bad in this regard, but morphine is very bad. In most drugstore cough medicines there is very little narcotic per recommended dose. In physician's prescriptions, too, the percentage of sedative drug is kept far below the danger line. But remember this: when your doctor prescribes a cough medicine in teaspoonful doses, don't take a big swig right out of the

bottle. You may take in too much of the narcotic.

The other objection to narcotics such as codeine is this. While they quiet your cough they interfere with the cough-loosening action of other ingredients that may be in the prescription. Some physicians give you your codeine in a tablet to be taken independently of the cough mixture, at night.

Look at the label on the bottle of the patented cough medicine standing in your bathroom medicine cabinet. You will probably find that it has some oil of anise, terpin hydrate, syrup of tolu, syrup of squill, or something to promote secretion. All of these compounds work, and often make your cough easier. But besides the expectorants, the label often indicates that there is some creosote or guaiacol "to sterilize the lungs." Such statements should not be taken too seriously, because they date back to ancient and wrong notions. You can sterilize your lungs by inhaling penicillin or other antibiotic drugs but not by taking a dose of creosote by mouth.

In cough medicine, the sedatives, expectorants and antiseptics (and also antispasmodics) have to be put into a palatable syrup so that you can gulp them down without being too sickened by their taste. The result is that cough medicines are about the most complicated of all prescriptions. Most physicians believe that they are altogether too

complicated for rational therapy. There is no doubt that within the next few years you will get simpler cough remedies from your doctor.

One of the newer developments is a compound you can inhale directly into your lungs to quiet the cough of the common cold. A single inhalation may give you relief for an hour to two or three. This compound is still being evaluated by the researchers, and final statements cannot be made as to its value. Another development is the use of carbon dioxide gas as an expectorant to promote secretions from the lungs. According to Dr. Andrew Banyai, of Milwaukee, who has tested this gas for more than 15 years, it gives you rest by making your cough easier, and is entirely safe and easily administered. The gas is used in a 5% to 10% strength along with 90% to 95% oxygen. Steam inhalations may also be combined with the carbon dioxide with even greater advantage in some cases.

Although the physician still has no direct weapons with which to fight the germs of the common cold, he can still do much to shorten the patient's period of disability and discomfort. Besides, and this is most important, often more serious diseases begin with all the typical symptoms of a cold, and unless a person is trained to detect the difference between colds and more critical disorders, valuable time for treatment may be wasted.

*The "family system" of the Chinese can be used  
for good or evil*



## Formosa Flier

By EDWARD HUNTER

Condensed from the *New Leader*\*

**B**OB LIANG, a pilot in the Nationalist Air force in Formosa, went over to the communists voluntarily, according to the boast of the Red radio. He will be sent out to attack his former colleagues, and probably will do so.

I found out about him at the Kan Shan air-training center, where the instructors, who have plenty of wartime combat experience, speak an American English. Bob's former buddy, Johnny Lu, told me the story.

"Yes, Bob did that," he said. "The communists never put any direct pressure on him. They sent him no propaganda, wrote him no letters. His mother used to write him regularly, and her mail to him was never censored."

Bob's mother lived in Hopei province, near Peiping. Lu remembered the letter Bob showed him.

His mother had mentioned that a Red official in her village had just visited her. He had been very friendly, and had asked how her son was doing in the Nationalist

Air force with Chiang Kai-Shek.

"Why don't you write him and suggest that he come home?" the official remarked sociably. "We would gladly welcome him into the people's fighting forces."

Another letter soon afterwards told of another visit from the same official. He had inquired about Bob again, and had mentioned that everyone was helping the people's government according to their means, and according to their indebtedness to it. With a son making the task of the people's government heavier, surely the old mother would want to contribute 120 catties of rice. Each catty is about 3 1/3 pounds. The family had to borrow to pay the levy.

There were other visits, each just as sociable, and each duly reported by the mother. A younger brother was recruited into the Red army. The father was taken to jail on a trivial charge.

Bob had heard of other men in similar situations. Cases where "reactionary stubbornness" had led to

\*7 E. 15th St., New York City. July 8, 1950.

the recruitment of a sister. He knew what that meant. He had known that gradually the entire family would be scattered, and its possessions confiscated. There was never any direct pressure on the man involved. There was merely the remark let drop that the return of the wayward one would end the woes of the family.

Lu did not sound resentful when he told me of the morning when Bob had disappeared, taking his warplane along to "prove his sincerity." Lu was not resentful, because he had a family in Red China, too.

There were times when the Nationalist fliers received direct appeals to come over. These were usually form letters, in which the patriotism theme was stressed. The same letter would be sent to every man in a group. Each would wonder who was telling the Reds where he was. Was it someone in his group? It was torture by remote control.

"Why are you staying here at all?" I asked one aviator, who had a scar on his forehead from a Japanese bullet. "Life is tough here," I added. "The Russians have brought in jets. What makes you stay?"

Although this airman spoke American quite well, he was hesitant in his reply, much as any American would be when asked a question with such emotional overtones. He lapsed back into Chinese-English, betraying his depth of feeling. "I

like free. I not want communist control. Communist control no good."

Then, on surer ground, he added, "I am a soldier. I am patriotic Chinese. I like China be free."

I have yet to meet a newspaperman, diplomat, or businessman here in Formosa who does not agree that extraordinary improvements have been made administratively, socially, and militarily in the Chinese government. There is general agreement, too, that if Nationalist China had undergone these changes a few years ago, it would still be in Nanking today.

Is it too late? The answer probably lies as much on the mainland, in Red China, as it does here. One high Chinese administrator told me the other day how he and his son had parted a year ago at Hankow—the son to join the communist government, the father to continue with anti-communist China.

The father now showed me his son's most recent letter. It had been mailed to Hong Kong, relayed to Formosa by a mutual friend. The letter was full of praise for communist China, but had a strange last sentence. It read, "I suppose my nephew is still saving stamps."

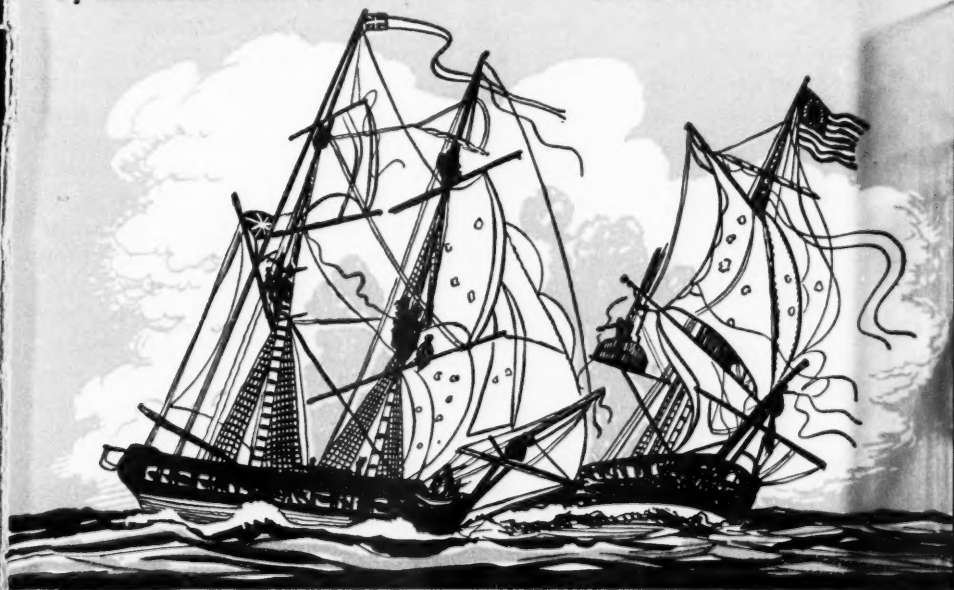
The boy had no nephew. The father removed the stamp, and read, "Everything rotten here; you were right at Hankow."

The father toyed with the small stamp. "Is it too late?" he mused, out loud.

# Decatur Fights the Pirates

By FLETCHER PRATT

Condensed from a book\*



**I**N the early years of U. S. history, the atmosphere was much like that which enfolds us today: a great European war had been going on for so many years that war seemed a normal part of life. At first, we had no navy. Then, in the space of a decade and a half, we fought three naval wars: the short war with France (1798-1800); that against the Barbary States; and the War of 1812 against England; and then we went back to the Mediterranean to subdue the pirates again. By right of precedence and his exploits, John Barry deserves recognition as Father of the American navy, but to Edward Preble goes the credit for training the group of commanders who wiped out our disgraceful naval record of the Revolutionary war. Among those commanders was Stephen Decatur, whose story is told in the following pages.

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# Decatur Fights the Pirates

By FLETCHER PRATT

NAVAL BALL was in full swing in Washington. The guests of honor were Captain Stewart of the frigate *Constellation*, and Isaac Hull, who had done much to change the official mind with regard to the importance of the Navy. Behind the musicians hung the captured battle flag of H.M.S. *Guerrière*; and opposite were the colors of the British corvette *Alert*, lately taken by the frigate *Essex*. Dolly Madison was present that night of Dec. 28, 1812, looking queenly. At midnight, under a thousand candles, an exciting rumor ran from lip to lip. Then, as the orchestra struck up *Hail, Columbia*, a young midshipman entered. Marching down an alley of delirious applause, he laid at the feet of the President's wife still a third British battle flag.

It had belonged to a heavy frigate. The delight of those who heard the news of the capture was in no way dimmed by the fact that it had been taken by Capt. Stephen Decatur, Jr. Decatur was 33 and the darling of the nation. He was proud, courteous, and gallant, one who simply could not avoid giving an atmosphere of high romance to the most prosaic transaction. His mother had always kept her boy

close to home, and hoped that he would grow up to be a bishop. The ambition became impossible after he once tasted salt water. At the end of a year at the University of Pennsylvania, his mother was glad to compromise the silent struggle by letting him quit the university for a clerk's post. He went to work in the counting house of Gurney & Smith, the shipping agents for whom his father sailed.

When Gurney & Smith, as Navy agents, launched the new 44-gun frigate *United States*, he rode down the ways with her, and when she went into commission he went with her as a midshipman. At this date, 1798, Decatur was not quite 20 years old.

The captain of the ship was honest John Barry, father of the U. S. Navy. He was a kindly, generous old soul of wide experience. He would treat his lieutenants to a glass of sherry in the cabin, and depended for obedience less on discipline than on his own dignity and reputation. He was head of the new service, the only surviving officer of the Revolution who had really done well in that war.

In the Caribbean the *United States* ran down two French privateers during the short war with

France (1798-1800). When a third tried a quick tack in an effort to run out to windward of the less handy frigate, she was given just one shot from a main-deck 24-pounder. It went right through the privateer at the waterline (Barry was a great hand at drilling his men with the guns), and her crew jumped overboard as she began to sink. Decatur was in charge of the first boat away. He picked up the privateer's captain.

The captain looked at the flag flying from the frigate's gaff, and (perhaps for the record) said, "I am very much astonished, sir. I did not know that the U. S. was at war with the French republic."

"No, sir," replied Decatur sharply, "but you knew that the French republic was at war with the U. S.; that you were taking our merchant vessels every day; and crowding our countrymen into prison at Baseterre to die like sheep."

This was one sign of the man to come; another appeared the day a man fell overboard. Decatur dived after him like an arrow and kept the seaman afloat on his own back till rescue arrived. After that, no officer received more ready obedience from the crew. When the ship returned to Chester, Barry recommended promotion for Decatur.

DECATUR was appointed first lieutenant of the *Essex*, 32 guns, an almost unheard-of rank for a

young man of 22. She was headed for the Barbary coasts in the 1801 cruise of Commodore Richard Dale.

Decatur was involved in a duel at Malta, after the *Essex* had gone home, and he had been transferred to the *New York*, 36 guns, still as first lieutenant. He acted as second in a match in which Joseph Bainbridge killed a British officer. Commodore Morris, who then held the Mediterranean command, relieved both officers from duty and sent them home with a report. But the Navy department's only reaction was to make Bainbridge a lieutenant, and to send both young officers back to the Mediterranean. Decatur was in command of the *Argus*, 16 guns, a beautiful new black-masted brig.

Intimacy between Commodore Edward Preble and Decatur sprang up as soon as the latter arrived at Gibraltar. Preble found he could not let Decatur keep the *Argus*, since Isaac Hull was the senior officer and the more experienced. But Decatur received the fine 12-gun schooner *Enterprise*, which could work closer to the reefs than any other ship in the squadron and therefore offered the greatest prospect of action against the pirates of Tripoli. She was detached to escort a supply ship to Syracuse, where Preble joined her with the *Constitution* at the close of November, 1803, bringing news of the loss to the pirates of the frigate, *Philadelphia*.

Commodore Preble took both ships to Tripoli at once, reconnoitered the harbor, and then returned to make plans. Even before seeing the place, Preble had written that the captured *Philadelphia* must be destroyed. Decatur wanted to take the *Enterprise* right in under the batteries to do the job.

The *Enterprise* had captured a blockade-running ketch, the *Intrepid*, a craft well known to the pirates on shore. A plan was gradually beaten out. Decatur would load this ketch with 70 men from the *Enterprise*, take her in at night, and board and burn the captured *Philadelphia*.

The brig *Siren*, under Decatur's old friend Charles Stewart, would convoy the *Intrepid* to the reef line after dark. She would then move in to cover the raider in case she was attacked by Tripolitan gunboats as she beat out. Few aboard believed she could get out, though nobody said so.

Feb. 16, 1804, dawned clear. The *Intrepid* bore down toward Tripoli, but with drags astern to hold her back till after dark. Only one or two men were on deck, barelegged and wearing Turkish jackets; the rest were penned close in the stinking hold. The breeze fell light with sundown; the ketch barely ghosted through the pass of the rocks and closed in toward the *Philadelphia*. The pilot hailed; in the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean he said he had run the

blockade with stores, but had lost both anchors in the gale, and wished to tie to the frigate for the night. Permission was granted. The *Intrepid's* side bumped the frigate, and a rope was taken aboard.

"*Americanos!*" The watch had seen them.

"Board!" yelled Decatur, and did board, one step behind Midshipman Charles Morris. There was a brief flash of pistol, cutlas, and shouting across the *Philadelphia's* deck. The Americans were too strong and well organized for the opposition. Tripolitans not cut down dived into the harbor. The forts were silent; the Tripolitan fleet was silent as the flames gained so rapidly that it was hard for all to get away.

Sheets of fire were already blowing overhead as the *Intrepid* began to work out under her sweeps. Now the batteries awoke; the Tripolitan ships awoke, firing from where they lay and trying to unmoor for a pursuit. The *Philadelphia's* own guns went off in succession as they were heated by the blaze, but the ketch worked out to where the *Siren's* boats took her in tow with never a man hurt. When Lord Nelson heard of it, he called it "the most bold and daring act of the age," and he was a man who did not lightly scatter praise.

THE *Philadelphia* could not have been worked out after her recap-

ture, for she lacked her foremast. But the burning of the frigate completely changed the strategic situation. It was now no longer necessary to hold the *Constitution* in reserve; there was no longer an enemy heavy ship that could drive off our light cruisers. The big frigate could therefore be used in direct attacks on the city.

The year 1804 was slipping by. Aug. 3 was the first real fighting day. The *Constitution* would bombard the water batteries, with the brigs and schooners in support. Six gunboats, borrowed from the king of the Two Sicilies, were to work along the edge of the reefs and deal with the Tripolitan craft of similar class; theirs were much larger. Richard Somers was a division commander; he led three gunboats against nine of the enemy at the leeward or western gap of the reefs. Decatur had the other three Americans opposing five of the enemy at the eastern pass.

As the shooting against the castle began, the pirates came straight on toward contact, with their guns banging through the powder smoke. They prided themselves greatly at hand-to-hand fighting, and their equals had not been found in the Mediterranean during 300 years. Decatur slammed his bow against one of their boats, boarded against odds of two to one, and in ten minutes had the Turks all down or overboard except five who hid in the hold.

Lieutenant Trippe carried another after a desperate battle in which he drove a boarding pike through the Tripolitan captain after taking 11 scimitar wounds. Joseph Bainbridge's boat of Decatur's division had her lateen yard shot away and could not close; neither could two of Somers' craft, which were unable to beat against a contrary wind fast enough to reach hand-to-hand action. But Lieut. James Decatur, of his division, came down to join his brother's battle, and delivered into one of the Tripolitans a fire so fierce that she hauled down her flag. He swept alongside to take possession; just as he mounted the rail, the Tripolitan captain shot him in the head.

The news came to Stephen as he was towing out his prize. He shouted to the 11 men who remained unhurt in his own boat, and turned back toward the treacherous Moor in a rage that approached madness. The Tripolitan captain was a giant; Decatur's cutlass snapped off against his boarding pike, and the American took a thrust that tore his arm and chest. He grappled with the big man, and the two went to the deck, Decatur on top. As another pirate swung a deadly blow at his head, a seaman named Daniel Frazier, already wounded in both arms, pushed in to take the blow on his own skull. The struggling pair rolled over, the pirate working one

arm free to yank out a dagger; but Decatur managed to hold his wrist with one hand while with the other he fired a pistol through his pocket, bringing down his huge enemy.

That finished it; the rest of the Tripolitans on this gunboat gave up. The captain's barge was sent for James Decatur, who would die before sunset, and there was a sad, proud evening in the squadron as it prepared for another bout. Another there was and more than one, but the Tripolitans would try hand grips no more, and Decatur saw nothing but bombardment work until arrival of the relieving squadron. It brought out a captain's commission for him, dated as of the hour when he burned the *Philadelphia*, and shortly after there came an order to "repair to Malta and there take command of the U.S.S. *Constitution*."

It was not a fighting command, of course. There were no more fighting commands. The squadron was going home, where Decatur found he was a hero. He also found the girl he married after a brief courtship, Susan Wheeler. The young captain was kept busy superintending the construction of gunboats in Rhode Island yards until the Chesapeake-Leopard affair arose. In 1807, the British had taken four seamen off the U.S.S. *Chesapeake* after her captain James Barron failed to fight back after a British broadside. This was one of

the episodes that led to the War of 1812 with Great Britain.

The department sent Decatur to Norfolk to investigate. What he heard from officers and crew convinced him that Barron, though a man of personal courage, had been grossly negligent in the face of probable trouble. A court-martial was called, and Decatur was appointed to the court, along with 11 others. It was within Barron's rights to protest Decatur's presence on the bench, but the proud, dark-faced man would not. He took his condemnation and laid up a grudge against Decatur.

UNDER President Madison, Captain Decatur received a seagoing command, the *United States*, his first ship, now somewhat altered since he had sailed in her as a midshipman. She had sailed first with 14 long 12-pounders on quarter-deck and forecastle; but now had exchanged the light long guns for 22 42-pounder carronades, to give close-range smashing power. But it was found that only the *United States* could carry so prodigious a battery without racking (swaying). Heavier-built than the others, she was so slow that they called her Old Waggoner during her first commission; but since then her spars had been altered and her masts shifted. Still no racer, she could now move along respectably well. Decatur was to cruise her off the southern coast of the U. S., with



Norfolk as her base of operations.

The captain was much interested in the hydrography and zoology of the region. He did a lot of sounding, and collected specimens. More especially was he interested in the gunnery of his ship, which he considered should be both attack and defense, as with the *Constitution* at Tripoli against three times her own weight of metal. The French would not have lost at Trafalgar, Decatur used to say, if their gunnery had been what it should.

He believed in winning by gun power rather than by boarding. This seemed so wild a doctrine to the British officers who visited the base that they twitted him about it. Captain John Carden of H.M.S. *Macedonian* explained the matter to Decatur one evening over the candles and port, after a dinner of fresh beef and wild turkeys, a great treat for a man so long at sea.

The 24-pounder was too heavy, he said, to be handled as rapidly and efficiently as a British 18. "Besides, Decatur, though your ships may be good enough, and you are a clever set of fellows, what practice have you had in war? There's the rub."

The seas rolled and the hours rolled; in 1812 there was war. The *United States* sailed with John Rodgers' squadron, which futilely chased the British 36-gun *Belvidera*, and then made its way to Boston. The orders there were for all the ships to put out in small

groups for raids toward the eastern Atlantic. Decatur sailed on Oct. 8, with the *Argus*, 16 guns, in company, but halfway across the ocean he detached the lighter ship. She added little to his own force and could damage the enemy more on an independent cruise. One capture of no great importance was made; then the *United States* slid through empty seas until Oct. 25, a Sunday. She was 500 miles west of the Canaries, and a ship was sighted, the stranger being 12 miles to windward. She swung to show the yellow-and-black checkers of a heavy British frigate, "Nelson's checkers"; hung out three battle flags; fired a gun in challenge; and came down through smooth seas.

She was H.M.S. *Macedonian*, a 38, a new, strongly built ship. She was still under command of that Captain Carden who had pointed out to Decatur that an American 24-pounder frigate could never equal the British type of heavy cruiser. He had not heard of the loss of the *Guerrière*, and to many others besides Decatur had mentioned his confidence that he could take an American 44, though the odds in weight of metal were as five to seven against him. Actually, he thought this would be a much easier game, having taken his opponent for the *Essex*, which was only a 32 and was armed exclusively with the short-range carronades. Therefore he decided to hold the weather gauge and fight

at long range. He could do this, as he had the speed of his enemy.

HE kept the wind easily. At a mile apart, fire was opened on both sides. The *United States* wore twice to bring her adversary broad abeam, both ships now steering rap-full, as it is called, not hauled close to the wind, but with mizzen topsails aback to give them steadiness and a little way. The Old Waggoner was suffering little from her opponent's fire, and that mostly aloft. As the *Macedonian* edged in, Decatur eased his ship off and then came to again to hold the range steady. His guns were firing by divisions, as they had been schooled through three years: wholly together and not at the mere loom of the enemy frigate but at specific targets aboard, which was a thing almost without precedent. They were shooting twice to the Britisher's once; everything was in order.

On the *Macedonian's* deck, where Captain Carden had by this time realized his mistake in identification, the scene was different. One of her sailors has left a picture that is the very best eyewitness account of a sea fight from the side that is taking punishment.

"I heard the shot strike the side of our ship; the whole scene grew indescribably confused and horrible. The cries of the wounded ran through all parts of the ship. The boys belonging to the guns next to

mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to spring with all my might to keep three or four guns supplied with cartridges. A man named Aldrich had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same time he received another, which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell, two or three men caught him in their arms and threw him overboard. The schoolmaster received his death wound. A fellow named John was carried past me, wounded. I distinctly heard the large blood drops fall, pat, pat, pat, on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Not only had we men killed and wounded, but several of our guns were now disabled. The one I belonged to had a piece of the muzzle knocked out. The large shot passed through the ship's timbers, scattering terrific splinters which did a more appalling work than their own blows. So terrible had become the work of destruction around us that that part of the ship was afterward termed 'the slaughterhouse.'"

There was something over 30 minutes of this; then the *Macedonian's* mizzenmast came crashing down over her lee quarter. "Huzza, Jack!" cried a quarter gunner on the American frigate. "We've made a brig of her; give her another and make her a sloop."

"No, no," said Decatur, coolly. "Her spars are going fast enough.

Aim for the yellow streak; she must have more hulling."

Brave Carden saw he was being beaten at long-range fighting. He let his ship's head fall off and rushed in to close, but in that charge ran into the full force of the *United States'* tremendous battery of 42-pounders, firing in such sheets of flame that the British tars, stripped to the waist and fighting on bravely, thought they had set their enemy afire and began to cheer. But the cheers died and the *Macedonian's* rush died, as her fore-topmast came cracking down, the main-topmast followed it, and she drifted off to leeward, out of control. All her upper-deck guns were knocked out. As the *United States* swept round in a graceful tack and stood under the Britisher's stern, down came the British flag.

"How do you do, Doctor?" said the American lieutenant who came aboard to take possession, recognizing a man he had known in Norfolk.

"I have enough to do. You have made wretched work for us with your guns."

"Would you like some of our surgeons to help you?"

The Englishman's eyebrows lifted. "I should think they would have work enough tending to your own wounded."

"Oh, no. There were only seven, and their injuries were dressed long ago."

The *United States* had five killed besides those wounded; the *Macedonian's* casualties numbered 105 in a crew of just over 300. Decatur had proved his theory of gunnery. He greeted Carden in the high style. "Sir, I cannot receive the sword of a man who has so bravely defended his ship. But I will receive your hand."

The British captain was a picture of misery. A prize crew put the *Macedonian* to rights as well as they could outside a dock, for she was in bad shape, with over 100 shot in her hull. Then Decatur broke off his cruise to convoy her to New London.

There was a big round of receptions at New York when the two ships came up the Sound in January of 1813. In that year Decatur was appointed commodore to command the squadron in New York harbor. The captured *Macedonian* was refitted, and Decatur's old shipmate, Jacob Jones, came up to command her. The assignment was for her to go on cruise with the *United States* and the sloop *Hornet*. But the British blockade off Sandy Hook was so massive that after a year of waiting to get through, the two ships were placed out of commission.

DECATUR came down to New York to take over the *President*. She had slipped into harbor in February, 1814, after her fourth wartime cruise, all of them success-

ful as raids, though no fighting enemies were met. She was considered the finest of the 44-gun frigates, and was certainly the fastest. The *Hornet* and the new sloop *Peacock*, a 20, were also placed under Decatur. He was to run out on the first westerly gale that drove the blockaders offshore and take his squadron to raid the British in the East Indies.

On Jan. 14, 1815, a strong wind, low-hung clouds, and a driving sea offered a chance. The *President* had been anchored under Staten Island. She put out, to find the tide running more strongly than usual across the harbor bar against the wind. Her pilot made an error; the ship struck on the bar and pounded heavily for an hour and a half before wind and good seamanship carried her across. In the dark beyond the bar Decatur found his frigate damaged all along her false keel, her rudder braces broken and the masts sprung. The accident changed her from a fast ship to one dead slow and hard to handle. The sensible thing to do was turn back, and Decatur tried that; but the *President* was now on an ebb tide, with the wind so strong against her that she could not work in. He held eastward, close under the shore of Long Island.

The hour and a half lost on the bar was fatal. At five next morning the British fleet was back on watch and saw the *President*. They

came about in chase at once, the big 50-gun razee *Majestic* leading. Now the airs fell light and baffling; the *President* began to pull away from the dull-sailing razee, but another of the pursuers, the *Endymion*, pulled up fast.

Two of Decatur's lieutenants fell, and the first firing showed that some of the *President's* powder was bad. After taking an hour of pounding, Decatur decided to board the *Endymion*. But the enemy kept off. Decatur changed his plan midstream: he would dismantle the *Endymion*.

The range was somewhat long, but the *President's* marksmen had been trained by an expert in gunnery. They did their work in two hours. The *Endymion* dropped away astern with her sails in ribbons, braces shot away, masts wounded, and hardly able to fire a gun. But her last shot killed Lieutenant Hamilton, who as a midshipman had carried the *Macedonian's* flag into the ballroom. Decatur himself was twice wounded, by a splinter in the chest and a numbing blow on the head.

By nine o'clock the *President* resumed her course, now slower than ever. Bright starshine picked her out for the British, who crowded along on a favorable wind. By 11, the *Pomone*, a 38, was in position to shoot without reply, as the *Endymion* before; the *Tenedos*, a 38, came legging forward on the other quarter, and even the *Ma-*

*jestic* was gaining. A fifth of Decatur's crew were down, and the rest, though not demoralized, were disorganized, with three of the five lieutenants gone. At 11:30 he hove to and hauled down his flag.

His ship lost all her masts as she was being taken into Bermuda, and the *Endymion* lost two of hers. Neither was ever good for anything thereafter. But neither this nor a reception more as a guest than a captive could salve Decatur's hurt; he had lost his ship and was miserable. Yet if he thought any blame was imputed to him, he was speedily undeceived when he reached home at the end of February, with the war over.

New London received him like a conqueror, with music and an illumination. New York ship carpenters pledged 1600 hours of labor on a new frigate for Decatur to replace the one he had lost. The Navy department was both complimentary and practical. It offered him his choice of a shore billet; command of the new frigate *Guerrière*, 44 guns, with the first squadron for the Mediterranean; or command of the new line-of-battle-ship *Washington*, a 74, and the flag of the second Mediterranean squadron.

DECATUR's old friends, the Barbary pirates, had been up to new tricks while we were busy with the War of 1812. Algiers had declared war against America, enslaved the

crews of a pair of American ships, and ordered out her fleet of five frigates, three corvettes, two brigs, a xebec, and a schooner against our shipping. With the victories over England behind him, President Madison was not inclined to stand for such nonsense; nor had he any intention of placating Algiers by resuming payment of the tribute that had gone thither from President Washington's time down to 1812. Decatur chose the *Guerrière* and the first squadron. In addition, there were speedily equipped for him the *Macedonian*, a 38; *Constellation*, 38; the new ship-sloop *Ontario*, 20; the brigs *Epervier*, 18, *Flambeau*, 14, *Spark*, 14; and the schooners *Spitfire* and *Torch*, each 12 guns.

Off Cape de Gat that year a large ship was sighted eastward, and the formation bore in chase. The *Constellation* was the most forwardly and gained on the enemy. The stranger saw that he would be caught on that bearing, and wore round to head for the security of Spanish waters, which brought the *Guerrière* into favorable position. As she was a very swift ship, she pulled up for combat rapidly.

The Algerine opened with musketry from his tops. Decatur allowed no reply to be made until he was alongside, with yardarms barely clearing; then he let go with the heavy broadsides by divisions which his men were always



so well schooled to deliver. They caused havoc aboard the pirate, and the second fire drove his people from their great guns. The musketry kept on, but Decatur was now sure he had her. Wishing to spare life, he clapped on sail to pull ahead, while the speedy *Epervier* maneuvered adroitly under the frigate's stern, raking her again and again, until flag and sails came down. She proved to be the Algerine flagship *Meshouda*, a 46. She had more than 30 dead, including the captain, Rais Hammida, who had been cut in two by a cannon ball just before his crew panicked.

Two days later, off Cape Palos, another Algerine was sighted. It was a heavy brig, which ran into shoal water where the frigates could not follow. The brigs and schooners went in after her. They caught up to her after a running fight that cost the corsair about a fifth of her crew, and presently returned with the *Estedio*, 22, in tow.

The two prizes were sent on to Cartagena for safekeeping. Decatur bore for Algiers, sailed boldly into the bay, and hung out signals indicating that he wished to negotiate through the Swedish consul. The captain of the port came out, inclined to be lofty. He said any negotiation must take place in the Dey's palace and that his fleet was safe in harbors where the Americans dared not touch it.

This gave Decatur an opening. "Not all of it," said he, and had the lieutenant of the *Meshouda* led forward, trembling with fear lest he have his head cut off, to confirm Rais Hammida's death and capture of the frigate. This brusque action set the keynote of the parley.

Any tribute in any form was refused; indeed, the instant release of the enslaved seamen was demanded, with an indemnity. The Algerines shifted and squallied like camels. They said that such an instrument would be contrary to the whole policy of the Barbary regencies. They asked for an amnesty of ten days, gradually cutting it to three hours.

"Not a minute," quoth Decatur. "If your squadron appears in sight before the treaty is actually signed by the Dey and the prisoners sent off, ours will capture them."

That was precisely what worried the Algerines, since the port captain had of course lied about their ships being safe. Some two hours had passed after the commodore's last word had gone ashore, when one of the pirate corvettes was sighted, inward bound. Decatur hung out the signal for a general chase, and was just having the *Guerrière* hove short when a barge with a white flag put out from the shore. It contained all the enslaved Americans and a treaty such as no Barbary power had ever signed before.

The mission was thus completed, but even before leaving Gibraltar Decatur had learned that he had another. During the war, the Boston privateer *Abaellino* had operated in the Mediterranean with great success, sending three prizes each into Tunis and Tripoli. This was good international custom in those days, as the two states were neutrals in the Anglo-American struggle. The Barbaries confiscated all the prizes and turned them over to the British. News of this had not yet reached the U. S., so Decatur had no instructions, but he wrote his own, sailing into Tunis harbor with a demand for a \$46,000 indemnity.

The Bey tried indifference, but was told the news from Algiers, with the addition that the American commander was "the Frank who burned the frigate *Philadelphia* at Trabis in Sidi Yusuf's time."

He then called for a comb, combed his beard for a few minutes, asked why the Americans sent wild young men to conduct their negotiations, and grumblingly yielded. The British consul was called in and given a wiggling for having promised protection against these people from beyond the Atlantic.

At Tripoli it was much the same story: angry refusal at first, but, after tidings from the other states, sour acquiescence. On the way down the Mediterranean with the

*Guerrière* alone, Decatur encountered the whole Algerine fleet of seven ships. He cleared for action, rather hoping their superiority of force would induce them to attack him. They only asked where he was bound, to which the commodore replied in words that would be spoken again by Admiral Halsey 132 years later, "American ships sail where they please."

Back in the U. S., Decatur was appointed to the Board of Navy Commissioners, with John Rodgers and David Porter. He moved to Washington and into a whirl of activity, setting up regulations for the government of a service which had grown up more or less haphazard.

THE commodore should have been very comfortable. But he hated dealing with contractors, hated detail chasing, and in 1818 he wrote to a friend, "What shall I do? We have no war, nor sign of a war, and I shall feel ashamed to die in my bed."

He didn't. The new ship-of-the-line *Columbus*, a 74, was approaching completion. Capt. James Barron applied to command her, and the application went before the Board of Navy Commissioners. Decatur opposed the appointment, pointing out that the *Leopard-Chesapeake* affair was the worst disgrace that had ever befallen the American Navy.

The next step was a letter from

Barron to Decatur, June 19, 1818. "I have been informed in Norfolk that you said that you could insult me with impunity, or words to that effect. If you have said so, you will, no doubt, avow it."

Decatur tried to avoid bringing the matter to pistols, but Barron pushed things in that direction. He accepted Decatur's disclaimer of the "insult" remark as an apology.

He replied to another letter from the commodore with the accusation that Decatur had tried to ruin his reputation, and had brought on him the "unmerited sentence" of the court-martial of 1807. The two met at Bladensburg on the morning of March 22, 1820. Barron was wounded, but Stephen Decatur was shot through the intestines and died in agony before another dawn.

## The Open Door

SIXTEEN years ago I snapped out of a five-day coma to my first acquaintance with the Catholic Church. The nun standing by my bedside was stern faced, sharp spoken. "Say your prayers," she said, "and thank God. It is only by His special favor that you are alive today." In the following days, before I left the hospital with my tiny premature girl, I learned what she had done. "I baptized you when we thought you were dying," she said. "Your husband said you would want to be. Then I prayed through the night that you might be spared for your children." She told me it was almost impossible that my child would live more than a few weeks, but she made me promise that, if she did, we would visit her. That summer we made the visit.

The years passed, and I was busy

with a growing family. I had no further contact with the Church. Sometimes I would think of that old nun, but I did not think to pray. When our little girl was 12, she asked to attend the catechism class in the parish church. A few weeks later my husband and I knelt in the chapel while she was baptized. The following winter we were instructed.

I have an ageless picture of the face framed in a bedcap as my old friend lay on her deathbed in my visit afterwards. I went to thank her for her prayers, to tell her of the peace and joy I had found. She forgot her pain and weakness, and her eyes were soft and glad as she asked about my children and their children. She had reason for her interest, for her prayers had led three of us home.

(Mrs.) Maude McKinney.

*For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.*

## *Books of Current Interest*

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Boswell, James. *BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL, 1762-1763.* New York: McGraw Hill. 370 pp. \$5. A year of picaresque personal experiences, recreated by the prince of English biographers. New Light on Boswell after almost 200 years.

Carswell, John. *THE ROMANTIC ROGUE.* New York: E. P. Dutton. 272 pp. \$4. Life history of the man who created Baron Munchausen. Striking story of a man who hated mediocrity.

Cary, Joyce. *A FEARFUL JOY.* New York: Harper & Bros. 343 pp. \$3. Salty comments on our mechanized and mechanical civilization done up in novel form.

Hart, B. H. Liddell. *DEFENSE OF THE WEST.* New York: Wm. Morrow. 335 pp. \$4. Outstanding analyst weighs the tactics of victory in the present struggle for the world.

Hart, Val. *THE STORY OF AMERICAN ROADS.* New York: Wm. Sloane Associates. 243 pp. \$3. Popular survey of American road history written with zest and punch.

Hemingway, Ernest. *ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES.* New York: Scribners. 308 pp. \$3. Mixture of gripes, duck hunting, and cheesecake compiled by the most direct English writer of our generation.

Jacob, H. E. *JOSEPH HAYDN.* New York: Rinehart Co. 368 pp. \$5. Outer form of an artist without shading. Perceptive music criticism of the last six symphonies.

Kavanagh, Peter. *THE ABBEY THEATRE.* New York: Devin Adair. 243 pp. \$4.50. Opulent book on a significant art movement. Overemphasis on Yeats makes it less than definitive.

MacKenzie, Compton. *TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.* New York: Houghton Mifflin. 331 pp. \$3. Delightful wedding of wit and fancy. A Scot's antidote for a drunken world.

Pratt, Ferdinand, S. J. *JESUS CHRIST.* 2 Vols. Translated by John J. Heenan, S. J. Milwaukee: Bruce Co. 1148 pp. \$12. Father Pratt's illuminated study of Our Lord's life and teaching well Englished.

Steinbeck, John. *BURNING BRIGHT: A PLAY IN STORY FORM.* New York: Viking Press. 159 pp. \$2.50. Stammering attempt to make sterility a universal. How not to become a classic in three easy lessons.

Thurber, James. *THE THIRTEEN CLOCKS.* New York: Simon & Schuster. 124 pp. \$2.50. Thurber whimsy without Thurber drawings. Parable of our times with a happy ending.

Von Frisch, Carl. *BEEs.* Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 119 pp. \$3. Astonishing scientific study of bees, their vision, senses and language. Minute footnote to the *Book of Job*.

Wiener, Norbert. *THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 241 pp. \$3. Robot reading of man, by a man who makes robots. Has a 19th-century complex about bishops and Jesuits. Soft-boiled hope of red tyranny.

February selections of the Catholic Children's Book Club, 147 E. 5th St., St. Paul 1, Minn.  
[Subscribers to this Club may purchase at special discount.]

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. *GEE WHILLIKINS*, by Adda Mai Sharp. (Steck Co., \$1.50)  
Intermediate—9 to 12. *A CASTLE AND SIXPENCE*, by Margaret J. Baker. (Longmans \$2.25)

Boys—12 to 16. *JEFF WHITE, YOUNG TRAPPER*, by Lew Dietz. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

Girls—12 to 16. *HETTY OF THE GRANDE DE LUXE*, by Florence Crannell Means. (Houghton, \$2.50)

## To Give You The Best

If you look at the front cover of this issue, you will see the line, "the best from wherever the best is found." That is the aim of the CATHOLIC DIGEST, to give you the very best writing that is being done today. Take a look at some of the writers whose names appear in this and other recent issues of the DIGEST. These names speak of wisdom, humor, profound insight. They speak of a clear, balanced view of our times, of minds that see events in their world-wide, and otherworldly, significance. They are your assurance that the CATHOLIC DIGEST is giving you the very best that can be found.

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